

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

WHEATSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1884-WITH HOUSEHOLD.

PRICE, \$1 50 PER YEAR

VOLUME XV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 36

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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Among the Farmers and Stock Breeders of Oakland County.

In company with our correspondent "C," whom we met at Wixom by appointment, we drove through the western towns of Oakland County from Wixom, through the towns of West Novi, South Lyon, and thence to Milford. After leaving Wixom the first call was upon Daniel Johnson, who was getting his fields ready for wheat. It was very dry work, and the want of rain was telling seriously upon the growing corn and pastures. It did not seem to affect Mr. Johnson personally, as he looked as good as usual. He reported his wheat crop an excellent one.

Leaving him we drove to the farm of A. N. Kimmis, one of the pioneers of this section, and found him holding the plow behind a spirited team, and keeping just a little ahead of his man, who was behind another team. Mr. Kimmis is now 72 years of age, of the make of the thoroughbred horse, and just as wiry. He said he felt just as young as when forty years ago he began the work of making a home for himself in this country. He has a beautiful and extensive farm, very productive, and which can be relied upon for good returns any year. It was just about the hour to leave for refreshment, and the call was obeyed with great unanimity.

After a social time, the horse was hitched up again, and a call made upon Mr. A. S. Brooks, whose name is a household word among the breeders of the State. His cattle were looking well, considering the extreme dryness of the weather that had turned the pastures into dry grass that fairly cracked under foot, and the swarms of flies. His stock bull was in the stable to be out of the way of the flies, and in good shape, looking as well, in fact, as we ever saw him. He is a son of Lord Barrington 2d 30115, by 2nd Duke of Aldridge 19993, out of imp. Duchess of Bedford by Duke of Oxford and Gloucester (27436). He has been a good investment for Mr. Brooks. Near him stood a very good young bull, red in color, which is on sale. The cows of the herd have been doing well, but the dry weather and the flies have worried them somewhat.

Passing by the farm formerly worked by our correspondent "C," we found it in fine shape. The wheat crop had been a grand one, running 35 bushels to the acre in some places, and astonishing the owners, who had looked for an average of about 25 bushels. "C" is getting a nice little Shorthorn herd together again, partly from purchases and partly those he has bred.

Driving from here to the farm of W. J. Gage, in the town of South Lyon, we stopped to take a look at his flock of Merinos. It is a year and a half since we saw his flock, and during that time he has not been idle. He has secured some Atwood ewes, selected some of the best of his mixed bloods, and has as nice a party of breeding ewes as any one. He has been using the ram Gripsack, owned by D. P. Dewey, on his ewes, some of which are from Dewey's John L. Hayes, so he is getting as good blood into his flock as there is in the State. His crop of lambs this season was not strong in number, but they are pretty near the top notch in style. Will is on the right road, and when wool is worth 40 cents again (as we hope to live to see it), this flock will be heard from.

The drive from here to Milford was through a very nice piece of country, but the want of rain was painfully apparent in the appearance of many of the fields, especially around Milford, where the land is rather light. At Milford we took up our quarters with Mr. N. A. Clapp, with whom our readers are well acquainted through his articles upon the breeding and history of Shorthorns. While at Milford we met Mr. Lyman Cate, once a

prominent sheep breeder, but who has retired to this village and is enjoying a rest from the cares of farming. He had been attending a reunion of the old Fifth Infantry at South Lyon that day, of which he was a member, and was full of the memories of the stirring days of '61 to '65. The people of the village have elected him President, and he is attending to the duties of the office in great shape.

In the morning, with Mr. Clapp, we drove over to see the herd of Mr. James Moore, a short distance from the village. Here is one of the finest country residences in the State, surrounded with shrubbery, flowers, fine out-buildings, etc. Mr. Moore was out in the fields, and we started for the pastures to see the cows of the herd. They are looking well, and it was a nice sight to see those broad-backed, deep-bodied cows, with their rich colors and thrifty looks, cropping the grass, which was short enough from the drouth to keep them busy working for their living. It is wonderful how some of those cows keep up in flesh on such pastures, especially as many of them are suckling calves. Returning to the barns, Mr. Moore brought out the Princess bull that stands at the head of the herd, whose breeding has been given before in the FARMER. A young Craggs bull has also been secured, which will be retained for use in the herd. But the nicest thing we saw was a lot of four heifer calves, all red in color, bred from various cows in the herd, and sired by the Princess bull, which we consider a credit to their breeder. They were very even, straight backed, fine heads, and clean muzzled. As long as Mr. Moore can breed such calves he may be sure of a good call for stock. In this herd there are Princesses, Bell Duchesses, Constantines, Rosess of Sharon, Victorias, etc., all families of recognized merit.

Here also we saw a fine Clyde stallion, imported by the Powell Bros., Springboro, Pa., black in color, grand style, heavy quarters, short-backed and a good set of legs under him. Any one who admires a good draft horse will be pleased with him. Mr. Moore also brought up from the same place a young trotting stallion, a bay with black points, clean built, and of large size. He is of Hambletonian stock, and highly bred.

The next place we called was at the Lake Brothers, near Wixom, breeders of Merino sheep, and they gave us a cordial welcome. They have improved their flock very much the past year, the young stock showing in in their fleeces and their well covered points. The ram purchased from Peter Martin of Rush, N. Y. now two years old, is turning out a success as a stock ram in every way, and has steadily improved since his arrival in Michigan. As for breeding, he has plenty of it. He was sired by Reliable 819 Vt. Register, he by Result 817, by Roderick Dhu 512. His dam was ewe No. 41 of the Martin flock, by Green Mountain Jr. 68 N. Y. Register; 2d. dam, ewe No. 4 of G. F. Martin's flock, by Little Wrinkly 58 N. Y. Register; and Little Wrinkly was by Old Sweepstakes 9 N. Y. Register. The dam of Reliable was sired by Triumph 107 N. Y. R., he by Torrent 71, he by Little Wrinkly 58, and he by Sweepstakes 9. It will be seen that on both sides this ram traces back to the same stock, and that some of the best known to Merino breeders. He is of course a straight Atwood. The Messrs. Lake can be congratulated on securing such a fine animal.

Driving down to Wixom we pulled up at the office of Messrs. Wixom & Sibley in a rain shower, which we had enjoyed for about an hour. It lasted all the balance of the day, and gave a chance to talk Shorthorns, as it was too wet to go into the pastures and see them. Mr. Wixom, however, determined we should have a look over his herd, now one of the largest and finest in the State, and we started over for that purpose.

In the morning, which came up bright and clear, after doing justice to the hospitality of Mrs. Wixom, Mr. Clapp, Mr. Wixom and the FARMER representative started out to see the stock. Returning at noon we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wm. Ball, who had run down to see the herd also. He was looking hearty, and just as happy as if he had been nominated for Lieutenant Governor at the recent Republican convention. In fact, if the truth was known he is probably a good deal happier than the man who did get it. But we will have to defer our notes upon the Wixom herd until the next issue of the FARMER, as both time and space are lacking in which to do it justice.

As evidence of what may be made off of a small city lot by enterprise and judicious management, we quote the following returns from Mr. J. M. Clark's crop of raspberries and strawberries the present season. Upon between two and three rods square of ground, he raised 265 quarts of raspberries, which he sold at from 15 to 25 cents, netting him \$40. In addition he sold 9000 choice plants for \$48. Between the rows of strawberries he had raspberries planted, and sold therefrom 187 quarts, at 15 cents, aggregating \$27.75, making the total returns \$115.75, or at the rate of over \$3,000 per acre.—*Hillsdale Leader.*

ADJUSTING RATES.

There are two classes of individuals in the race for the accumulation of wealth, those who endeavor to fix the rate at which compensation for labor and capital shall be received, and those who must accept the rates already fixed. The first class are more or less successful in establishing a rate on the basis of which their labor and capital shall yield a remunerative return, and are limited only by the competition which the profits may incite. Competition is again modified by combinations that so regulate the output that no more shall be produced than shall equal the demand. This seems to be the culmination of modern business enterprise, and would be productive of much good to all, if all were in a position to organize for such a purpose, but the fact that labor cannot so combine is the main element of strength to those who have succeeded in fixing their rates. Labor combinations are generally unsuccessful, and food-production is the most important of all. Farmers who have had Utopian ideas of unlimited wealth flowing from such a combination, have generally succumbed to the inevitable, under the pressure of foreordained failure. Many of the farmer's productions are perishable, and must be sold at some price when mature, and he must accept the rate at which they can be exchanged for money. It does not avail him that the price is below cost of production, or that the cost to the consumer is largely in excess of that which he receives. These two extremes are separated and held apart by a horde of leeches who are kept alive or grow rich, according to their opportunities.

There is but one alternative left for the farmer to get even in this unequal race: if he must take less than formerly for his products, he must pay less for the articles which he is compelled to purchase. Here is where his independence must make itself manifest. Nature's demands for food are met off his farm, and he has the option, modified only by his necessity, to purchase at the fixed rate or to let alone. The high price for labor compels him to use many labor-saving tools, the prices of which are in no way commensurate with the profits of his business. These implements are made in large establishments, remote from his farm, and he has no means of knowing, nor could he scarcely guess at what low figures the tools are made as compared with the cost several years ago. The sewing machine which the FARMER offers to its subscribers is an illustration of this great reduction in price, but many of the implements used by the farmer yet sell at former sewing machine values. Take a farm wagon, broad tire, complete, and it is run out of the factory at a cost of from \$28 to \$31, and the farmer is required to pay \$65. There needs to be a re-adjustment of rates on wagons. Carriages cost comparatively less, and the ratio of cost to asking price is still greater. Much of the iron work is stamped out instead of being forged, and the iron itself costs but \$1.80 per hundred pounds. The price of plows and repairs, according to their cost, is outrageous. Finished castings could be furnished a year ago for \$1.65 per hundred pounds, and they no doubt are now less. The irons for a new plow, including bolts, clevis, joint, and two points, weigh less than 150 lbs., and cost no more than \$3, set up, without beam or handles; these at retail, painted, are \$1.50. It is fair to presume that plows that cost the farmer \$14.50, are run out of the factory at no greater cost than \$4. New points weigh nine to ten pounds each, the latter for large sizes, and we pay 45 to 50 cents for them, when the cost is about 15 cents.

I have recently made a harrow in two sections of five timbers each, holding in all 60 teeth, and the expense for timber, irons, teeth, bolts and painting is less than \$5. These are all at retail figures. I put it together myself at odd times, but at a factory it could be set up for less than a dollar. We pay \$15 for a harrow not as good. This one cuts the ground every two inches, teeth set slanting back, and covers a strip ten feet wide. The teeth are half-inch; steel, and cost five cents per pound. It is being used with three horses, and works to a charm—one man going over twenty acres a day. Our hay racks, drills and mowers are all too high in price, and if farmers determine not to purchase at the rate at which they are held, they will be sold at reasonable figures, compared to cost and the prices the farmer gets for his produce. There must be a readjustment of prices when values of material are low, as well as when they advance. This manufacturers frequently forget, and they strive to cover up the cost of manufactured articles, thus the more readily to increase their profits at the expense of those who purchase. When wagons and carriages were made by hand labor the cost to manufacture was much greater; but the new process by which every stick of timber and piece of iron are fashioned by machinery, renders them less expensive to build, and they have become cheaper than formerly, and farmers have purchased liberally at the reduced prices; but they must come lower yet, when farmers generally understand what it costs to put them on the market. There is usually no fault to find with the

adjustment of prices for dry goods; they keep pace with the decline in the raw material, and the money the farmer now gets for his produce will buy about the same amount of clothing for the family, and material for the household. There is too much competition in trade to hold the former prices, but where competition is checked by combination the purchaser must pay nearly two prices for the goods. A. C. G.

THE STATE FAIR.

A Visit to the Grounds at Kalamazoo.

Last Wednesday, on invitation of President Parsons of the State Agricultural Society, a representative of the FARMER packed his gripsack and took the train for Kalamazoo to look over the arrangements made for holding the coming State Fair at that point. It was understood that several of the Detroit papers were to be represented, but through some misunderstanding they did not materialize, and on our arrival at Kalamazoo we found we represented the Detroit delegation. After waiting for the arrival of the express train to see if Mr. Parsons with his contingent would not put in an appearance, and they failing to do so, we were taken in charge by Mr. W. H. Cobb, the chairman of the Business Committee, and driven to the grounds.

For the information of those who have never visited Kalamazoo, we will say that the grounds are situated a little less than a mile from the principal hotels, and are reached by a double-tracked line of street cars, or for those who prefer walking there is a good sidewalk up to the main entrance. The grounds contain 64 acres, with one of the best mile tracks in the country, and famous for the record made over it by Flora Temple in 1859, when she lowered the trotting record to 2:19.

At the right as you enter the grounds are the cattle stalls, of which there are 416. They are of the usual style and need no particular description. Parallel with these are the pens for sheep and swine, which number 400. These constitute the buildings on the western side of the grounds. The first building that a visitor will reach on entering the grounds will be the one occupied by the members of the press, which adjoins the office of the President and Secretary. The club house, which belongs to the owners of the grounds, will be controlled by the Society during the Fair, and the part where liquid refreshments are served up during the race-meetings will be occupied as the President's office. Of course the liquids will be removed before Mr. Parsons takes possession. The rooms up-stairs will be used for committee meetings and for sleeping apartments for some of the employees. On the east side of this building, and connected by a doorway, an office for the Secretary has been built, also a lunch-room, kitchen, etc., and on the other side the ladies' cottage. Next to the ladies' cottage are the Carriage Halls, one of which is 24x96 and enclosed, the other is of the same size and open on the sides; Then comes Horticultural Hall, 40x100 feet, the Bee building, 24x48 feet, and the Poultry Hall, 24x96 feet, which make up the buildings lying to the west of the Secretary's office. East from the office is the Main Hall, Art Hall and Machinery Hall, which are counterparts of the same buildings which have been seen at State Fairs for the last twenty-five years. In fact a part of the present main building was used by the Society at the first Fair held in Kalamazoo. The police station and express office are located in the vacant space formed by the main building and the art hall wing.

On the east side of track the grand stand is located. It is a much more substantial structure than is ordinarily seen at State Fairs. It is 400 feet long and will seat comfortably 2,700 people. In rear of the stand are the horse stalls, 420 in number. One hundred of these are double stalls 8x12 feet, with gravel roofs, the roofs projecting so as to shade the doors. These belong to the owners of the grounds. The Society has built 320 stalls 5x12 feet, which are substantial and comfortable. At the east end of the stand are the breeding stables of Browne & Stockbridge, which will be used during the Fair by the Marshall and his aids.

Inside the track, and immediately opposite the grand stand, is the Agricultural Implement building. It is 150x48 feet, and is open on the sides. In the rear is the shafting and power. We think the designers made a mistake in not turning this building the other way, as it shuts off a large view of the track, and if as is usual the tents of the implement men are put up in line with it, the matter will be still worse. But taking everything as they stand the buildings and grounds are the best the Society has had in years, and with good weather we cannot see how the Fair of 1884 can help but be a success. Mr. Cobb has been untiring in his endeavors to arrange everything so that it will be satisfactory to the exhibitors, and we think he has accomplished it so far as it was possible. He has been ably seconded by the citizens of Kalamazoo, who are bound to make the Fair a success. On Thursday morning Mr. Parsons put in an appearance, accompanied by Mr.

Edwards, of the Detroit Journal, and on the next train along came Mr. M. P. Thatcher, of the Detroit Post, in charge of A. O. Hyde, of Marshall. Rain had been falling all morning, and the prospects for a visit to the grounds seemed anything but promising for the late arrivals. The party, reinforced by Mr. Shakespeare, of the Gazette, and Mr. Eaton, of the Telegraph, sat down to dinner, and while discussing its merits the rain "let up" so that when the party was ready to start for the grounds it was comparatively dry. After spending an hour on the grounds, Mr. Parsons expressed a desire to look over some of the attractions of the city, and in company with Mr. De Yoe, ex-President of the Village, the three representatives of the press took a carriage for a drive. The water works was the first place visited, and from the animated manner in which Mr. De Yoe discussed its merits, it was plain to be seen that Kalamazoo is pleased with its water supply and the "Holly system."

If there is any one thing that a Kalamazooite is more struck on than another, it is celery. All you have got to do is to say celery, when the youngest to the oldest citizen stands ready to give you a learned dissertation on the rise and growth of the celery interest in Kalamazoo. As we drove to the Insane Asylum we passed acres of celery, and met wagon loads of it going to market. Mr. De Yoe is authority for the statement that over 1,400 acres of land in this vicinity are being used to grow celery on this year, and yet the demand exceeds the supply. The land used is marsh, which until the cultivation of celery was begun was considered almost worthless, but is now worth several hundred dollars per acre. As we neared the Asylum, a feeling of sadness seemed to settle over Mr. Parsons, and after gazing at the building in silence for some time, he said to the party, "Do you know that I came very near being an inmate of that building at one time." He then went on to relate how in striving for the almighty dollar, he had overworked his brain, and his reason was only saved by a trip to Europe, taken on the recommendation of the physician then in charge of this asylum.

It was nearly five o'clock when we were introduced to Dr. Palmer, who, although it was after hours, escorted the party through one of the wards, the laundry, bakery, engine room, etc. Mr. Parsons gave the doctor some statistics, as to the growth of population and wealth of Michigan during the last 40 years, and in return the doctor gave the party some very interesting information in regard to the running of the institution. We have visited several State institutions of this kind, and we can safely say that this one will lose nothing by comparison with the best of them.

In Dr. Palmer we believe our State has got a man fully competent for the position he holds, and a look at his kindly eyes, and his genial manner at once convinces a person that the unfortunate under his care are sure of kindly treatment. Mr. Parsons was profuse in his encomiums on the order and scrupulous cleanliness of the place, and as we left we thought his countenance assumed a look which betokened regret that he had not passed a few months within its walls instead of going to Europe.

"Have you seen our Opera House?" is a question that will be asked a stranger by about everybody he gets into conversation with in Kalamazoo. They are very proud of it, and after looking it over we have come to the conclusion that they ought to be, for it is one of the neatest, cosiest houses in the country. It is finished entirely in cherry, hand some frescoed, nicely carpeted, and complete in all its details. It is owned by Mr. Bush, one of the old residents, and the citizens award to him praise for the public spirit and enterprise he has displayed in giving to the city such a building.

One day about a year ago, a man dropped down on Kalamazoo, and told the people there that they needed a street railway. They did not appear to fall into the idea to any extent, although Mr. Boynton used his greatest and most persuasive arguments on them. However, he told them they needed it, and that if the citizens did not want to invest in it he would build it himself. They finally agreed to let him do it, and the result is, that Kalamazoo has any city in the country can boast of. The track is laid with steel rails, and the cars are handsomely finished both inside and out. There are single and double cars and open excursion cars. During the State fair cars will be run to the grounds every two minutes, from the Kalamazoo House corner, and this will accommodate a majority of the visitors to the fair.

The people of Kalamazoo do not propose that any of those attending the fair shall suffer for the want of accommodations, at least up to the capacity of their residences, and have appointed a committee to direct strangers where board and lodgings can be obtained. Any of our readers who propose attending the fair, and would prefer staying at a private house, can be located by addressing a postal card to Mr. Frank Little, Kalamazoo.

GROWING WHEAT.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
We perused with much interest the report of the Volinia Farmers' Club meeting, in which wheat culture was so ably discussed. If we could have more farmers' clubs throughout the State, where Theory and Practice come so near together other localities might earn the high compliment paid to this Club in the beginning of the report. These clubs not only benefit each member of them, but all the readers of the FARMER. They would be still more useful in instruction if each member would give the kind of soil he was dealing with, and the subsoil, especially when speaking of the depth to plow, or the kind of tool best adapted to form a seed bed. Our best farmers in Genesee County would disagree entirely with the advocates of shallow plowing. The soil generally is clay loam, and more impervious to water as you increase in depth, but does not lack in the essential elements to produce good wheat even down to two and three feet in depth. In fact very few farms are so worn out that a deep plowed summer fallow, turned in June, and kept stirred occasionally on the surface, will not cope with our best land. I would advocate deep plowing for every thing, (no reference to swamp lands,) and all the manure that can be saved on the farm, and the coarser the better, if plowed under on the heavier lands. My practice has been to get a little deeper each year as fast as I could manure the soil turned up; we are this year plowing nine inches, with a sulky plow, which is a little better adapted to deep plowing; then make the surface fine and well packed with roller wheel harrow and Down harrow, as the case requires; and then if the field has not been well treated with barnyard manure, apply phosphate, from 150 to 200 pounds per acre. The field of 11½ acres referred to a few weeks since in my article on phosphate, yielded 438 bushels by measurement, and 453 bushels by weight; was wheat after wheat, and had 150 lbs. of Homestead Phosphate per acre; this is a trifle over 38½ bushels per acre. The other field containing 27½ acres, (14½ acres being summer fallow, which gave more than its share,) having over 200 loads of fine manure on the most exposed portions, yielded by weight 29 bushels, and a small fraction over. I most heartily agree with the members of the Club on the quantity of seed to be sown to the acre; have tried one bushel, consider it enough when we have a fair season for germinating the seed, and the insects are only moderately active. Phosphate has proved the best safeguard against the ravages of the insects we have found in this section. Have had best yields from the Diehl wheat; have sown Clawson exclusively for the last four years, on account of insects working more in the Diehl; would return to the Diehl and use phosphate, could I find the seed pure and clean from foul weeds. Have improved my Clawson wheat for eight years past by sowing none but the largest kernels; have arranged a mill so as to pass wheat over two screens, each quite coarse, and take out about one-fourth of the whole amount put in the hopper, leaving only the largest. Do not believe in changing seed with any one, unless I become satisfied that one has been more thorough in improving his seed by judicious selection, by thin sowing on very fertile, well-drained soil. Do not want seed improved by crossing up, or mixing with other varieties, but the longer it has been raised on one farm or soil, and the more critical the selection the better. Believe some one in each section should give to the improvement of farm grains their particular attention. Would as soon think of trading my sheep for some others as my wheat, unless some one, as I said before, had surpassed me in painstaking. Some well-bred Clawson wheat for the farmers of Michigan to sow this fall will prove as great a boon as well-bred animals; and I may say will as easily deteriorate unless some pains be continued to keep up the standard. My observation has been that those farmers who are continually crying for some other variety and change most often, are, as a rule, those who do the least to fit their land in season, and fit it well, who sow more than they can sow in good shape and in rich soil, who believe wheat turns to chess (or chestnuts,) and who wait for rain to plow and sow.

D. P. DEWEY.

GREEN MANURING.

It is Steadily Gaining Ground in France.

From Our Paris Correspondent.
The summer has been very warm and dry, but on the whole cannot be described as drought. And this leads me to the subject of green manuring, which is steadily making way in the warm zones of France and on light soils, thus presenting all the conditions of success. A plant which borrows from the soil to grow, repays when plowed in, capital and interest in dying and decomposing on the spot. This is the reason why lands are laid down in grass to grow rich. The organic manure that we bury in the soil contains soluble and insoluble matters, the latter predominating. The first can serve to immediately feed the plant and be assim-

ilated; but for the second, they must undergo fermentation to dissolve their parts, or elements, and so give place to the production of new soluble compounds and gases. No food can reach the plant except in a state of extreme division, as the absorbing pores of the little roots are so delicately fine as to take up only liquids or gases.

It is under the triple influence of heat, air and humidity, that the decomposition of organic matter takes place in the soil. Green or vegetable, are evidently cold manures. Their action is slow; their decomposition difficult; they contain too small a quantity of saline matters, or saline matters of an insoluble character, or, they may be of a too aqueous nature. The character of the soil has a good deal to do with respect to the action of vegetable manures. In the sandy soils the decomposition is more rapid, because the air and the agents of decay have freer access; while in the case of clays, decomposition proceeds more slowly, as their tenacity excludes air and heat. The humus in a clay soil is hastened in its decay by tillage, which opens it to influences of the atmosphere. For similar reason, if a sandy soil be tilled too frequently, the manures become rapidly soluble and volatilize in the air before the plant can profitably use them.

The plowing down of green crops before arriving at maturity is perhaps the earliest form of manuring land, and may be also the last. It is a precious auxiliary in localities where roads do not exist for carting farm yard manure, or are impracticable, as on mountain slopes. Rape, after-math, lupins, buckwheat, rye, beans and turnips, are the plants chiefly employed in green manuring. The Germans, and they are right, patronize two, a mixture: as turnips and spurry. The more rapidly such plants grow and develop plenty of leaves the better. Before being plowed in, they are rolled or mowed. When in flower is the best time to utilize such plants; they are richer too in alkalis; as Dr. Sacc points out, that is the period selected by fabricants of vegetable ashes for cutting. In Belgium, the weeds of the canals are cut in the spring, and carted to land prepared for potatoes; drills are opened four inches deep, the seed dropped, and the green weeds spread over it, the whole being covered with the hoe. This manuring does not tell on any subsequent crops.

In Bretagne and the northwest of France, rushes and heather are employed; these are generally strewn first on a road to be bruised by the traffic. In the Upper Pyrenees, lupins are sown in autumn, and in May when in flower is plowed in; this forms an excellent preparation for maize. In Tarr-et-Garonne, sainfoin is sown in the vineyards and plowed down; on light soils vetches and buckwheat are in favor, and seem to be preferred to late on the calcareous lands of Champagne. The Prussian farmers prefer yellow lupin; the Belgians lean to spurry, and adopt the excellent plan of spreading a little farm yard manure and covering both simultaneously. In the Luxembourg, the slopes of Erize have been made arable by green manurings five years in succession. At best plowing down green plants can be only half manuring. The plan possesses the undoubted advantage of maintaining humidity in the soil, and when the latter is of a calcareous, sandy, granitic or schistose character, such is not to be overlooked. Green manuring never affects the flavor of products, nor removes anything from their delicacy.

Wires for Hop Yards.

The Waterville, N. Y., Times says that the use of wire in the hop yards in that vicinity has proved a success, and that a number of the best growers are adding to their wire yards each year. They are constructed on the same principle, but vary in details. The wires are put from 12 to 16 feet above the hills. Stout posts are placed at the end of each or every other row. These posts in some yards are supplied with small castings, consisting of a small pulley for the wire to run over and a small reel to draw it taut when stretched. Intermediate posts are set up about every twenty feet and the wire set into a small iron hook in the side of each, from which it can be lifted down to tie, repair or pick. Small stakes are driven into the hills, and strings run from them to the vine. The best usage is to place a wire over every row, but some place over every other row and a six foot stake in the alternate rows with a string. The cost of such yards range from \$100 to \$150 per acre.

A lot of very rough and scabby bucks came in from California the other day. The importation of stock in such condition should be prohibited by law.—*Texas Wood Grower.*

It was a scabby California buck that contaminated the Merinos shipped to Australia, which led to their destruction by the government and the closing of the ports of that country against any further shipments of American Merinos. The sheep men of that State must be shiftless, dirty lot to allow the scab to obtain such a foothold. Other States should quarantine against their sheep.

Horse Matters.

Standard Bred Trotters.

A number of inquiries have reached this office from parties who are thinking of entering trotting horses at the coming State Fair, as to what constitutes a standard bred trotter, the rules of the State Society requiring entries in certain classes to be standard bred. In answer we again publish the rules under which trotters are admitted as standard bred:

FIRST.—Any stallion that has, himself, a record of two minutes and thirty seconds (2:30) or better; provided any of his get has a record of 2:40, or better; or provided his sire or his dam, his grand sire or grand dam is already a standard animal.

SECOND.—Any mare or gelding that has a record of 2:30 or better.

THIRD.—Any horse that is the sire of one animal with a record of 2:30 or better; provided he has either of the following additional qualifications:

1.—A record himself of 2:40 or better.

2.—Is the sire of two other animals with a record of 2:40 or better.

3.—Has a sire or dam, grand sire or grand dam, that is already a standard animal.

FIFTH.—Any mare that has produced an animal with a record of 2:30 or better.

SIXTH.—The progeny of a standard horse when out of a standard mare.

SEVENTH.—The progeny of a standard horse out of a mare whose dam is a standard mare.

EIGHTH.—The progeny of a standard horse when out of a mare whose dam is a standard mare.

NINTH.—Any mare that has a record of 2:40 or better; and whose sire or dam, grand sire or grand dam is a standard animal.

TENTH.—A record to wagon of 2:35 or better; shall be regarded as equal to 2:30 record.

The Percherons in France.

Our Paris correspondent, in a recent letter, refers as follows to matters pertaining to the breeding of Percherons in France:

"The production of Percheron horses being limited in France, has stimulated the trade in mongrel breeds from the neighboring regions. To stop this fraud, the breeders of real Percheron horses have very properly founded a Stud Book. Henceforth a good Percheron must establish his family connection; prove that 'all the blood of all the Howards' is pure. I understand that an English company is to be formed to breed real Percherons, and rear them on improved principles. The promoters of the company are buying up farms in the heart of the Perche country. I am also informed Australians have put money into the concern. Something was really demanded to put a check to the breeder being supplied by the dealer."

Horse Gossip.

For five years, says H. W. Dunning, in the New York Tribune, I have had a horse with hoofs shelly and brittle, so that it was difficult to keep shoes on him during the dry weather of July and August. In May last I dressed his feet with pine tar, and now repeat it every week, and the hoofs are perfectly sound even in midsummer.

An authority says it is always best to feed a variety of food in the ration of a horse. As a single food out of the best, but oats and corn are still better, and best, and barley better still. And whatever food, one pint of linseed meal per day to a horse will be found to pay well in health and condition. One of the best combinations as a food for horses is 800 pounds of oats, 800 pounds of corn and 100 pounds of flax seed, evenly mixed and all ground together. We know of a farmer in this country who gives his horses a feed of meal twice a day, and finds they stand up much better under hard work than without it, while their appearance is much improved. It is a great aid to the digestive process in animals.

It seems as if the demand for horses was bound to keep in advance of the supply. A Topeka, Kansas, paper says that recently three dealers from that place made a trip through the southern border counties of Missouri, in search of horses for speculation. They stopped at all the farm houses, and found but very few horses for sale, and those that were offered were at prices so high as not to leave a margin of \$5 over Topeka prices. The reasons given for the scarcity of horses, are the large number of new farms opening, the heavy shipments East within the past two years, and the non-shipping of droves here, used to come annually from Texas and California. A good horse that would scarcely bring \$80 in Topeka, will now bring \$150, and ponies that used to sell for from \$35 to \$50, are worth now from \$75 to \$100. This advance in prices will of course cause farmers to engage more extensively in raising good horses for the market.

Turf and Track.

MAUD S. trots at about 950 pounds, and Jay Eye-See at \$200 pounds.

W. R. ARMSTRONG, of Almont, is said to have sold a half interest in the mare Belle F., to J. E. Smith, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for \$5,000.

The trotter Clingstone, retired from the track because of lameness, is said to be rapidly recovering, and is being worked. His record is 2:14.

The entries for the race meeting at Mt. Pleasant, Isabella County, closed on the 27th ult. The classes for trotters are 3:00, 2:50, 2:40, 2:30 and free-for-all. There will be a free-for-all paces race, a running race of one mile and repeat, and a trotting race confined to horses owned in the county.

At the Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., on Thursday last, Belle F., owned by Mr. Armstrong, of Almont, carried off first money in the 2:34 class. She was the favorite, allowed Frank to take the first heat in 2:35, to influence the betting, and then took the next three straight in 2:30½, 2:28 and 2:24½.

The \$5,000 pacing match between Johnson and Richbell came off at the Dexter Driving Park, Chicago, on Saturday, August 30th. Johnson won in three straight heats; time, 2:12:11½, 2:13½ and 2:13½. Between five and six thousand people witnessed the race. The horses appear in another match at the Minneapolis Fair.

At the \$10,000 trot at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., on Thursday last, the favorites were Harry Wilkes, King Almont, End Messenger, Phil Thompson, Adelaide, Capt. Remond and Felix. Wilkes was a favorite

at heavy odds, but in the first heat was in sixth place. This changed the betting a little (which was the reason it was done), and then he went in and took the next three heats straight. The time made was 2:31¼, 2:17, 2:19½, 2:21¼. King Almont taking the first heat.

At New York on Thursday last, Jay-Eye-See made an attempt to beat the record of Maud S. The track was in fine shape, but a strong wind was blowing. Some 6,000 spectators were present. The horse was in good condition, and after a warming up heat in 2:31½, was taken to the stable and rubbed down, and then brought on the track accompanied by a running horse hitched to a sulky. After three attempts his driver got the word, and was off, reaching the quarter pole in 33¼. From there to the half his speed seemed to increase, and he went stride after stride like clock work. At the upper turn, however, the breeze went wrong with him and he seemed to labor. The thousand watches held on him told it was doubtful whether the record would be beaten. The next quarter was better, but the last, Siscoon, was a failure. The time of the heat was 2:12½. The quarter was made in 33¼, half in 1:04¼, three-quarters in 1:37½. Phalaris made an attempt to beat his own time of 2:12½, but in two attempts his best time was 2:12½.

Some Valuable Testimony.

The following voluntary testimony was written by Dr. William Sheppard, a graduate of the Royal Veterinary College of London, and Fellow of the Veterinary Medical Association of England, who has a national reputation in this country as one of the best practical and scientific veterinary surgeons of this country, and is also veterinary editor of Dunton's Spirit of the Turf:

OTTAWA, Ill., Sept. 27, 1883.

Messrs. Lawrence, Williams & Co.—Gentlemen: As you are aware I have used in my practice Gombault's Caustic Balm for over thirty years, with I am pleased to inform you, satisfactory results. The cases in which I have principally used it have been in throat and lung affections, such as laryngitis, pneumonia, etc. In the above I find it acts as an excellent counter-irritant, without causing the animal any great pain or producing any constitutional disturbance during its action. This I deem a very important feature in the treatment of all the above diseases. I have likewise found it very beneficial in bad sprains of muscular tissue, such as injuries to shoulder or hip. I am governed a great deal by the class of cases as to how I apply it, but invariably with full strength, without being diluted with anything.

Very respectfully,
WM. SHEPPARD, M. B. C. V. S.

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The Farm.

OUR FRENCH LETTER.

The Pastures of Normandy—A Swiss Breed Book—Swiss Cows as a Dairy Breed—Their Habits and How they are Cared For.

From our Paris Correspondent.

Normandy is the best pasture land in France, and if such form an element in the case of Percherons, it more than does so with respect to cattle. A herd book has also been founded to maintain purity in the case of milk cows. Such is the demand for the milk products of Normandy, to say nothing of eggs and poultry, that it has been called the home farm of London. Norman farmers chiefly sin by disregarding the points of excellence in the bulls, and allowing the latter to serve too many cows. The departments of Calvados and Eure, have entered into the spirit of the idea. Unfortunately, out of applications for 500 registrations, only four bulls and 32 cows were deemed worthy of being enrolled in the herd book. Five years ago Switzerland attempted to establish a herd book. After numerous difficulties, a success is to be recorded. All the Cantons have adhered to the central register. It only takes cognizance of what are called the grand bovine races; these are included under two heads; the red and white, and the black and white breeds. Upwards of 281 breeders adhere to the conditions of the herd book, and Fribourg appears to be their head quarters.

Now that co-operative cheese and butter "farmeries" are the order of the day, I wish to draw attention to the special breed of cattle in the Canton of Appenzell. The cows are good milkers; small but well built; admirably adapted for mountainous regions, and easily cared. They are small feeders, and their milk is as rich as Jersey, and as abundant as a Kerry or West Highland cow. They yield from 14 to 20 quarts of milk a day, but the average daily yield for the year is about eight quarts. The cows are hired for the summer pasturage on the slopes of the Alps, for 16 fr. to 20 fr., and descend in the autumn relatively fat. The proprietor himself, or a member of his family, acts as herder, and superintends the sale of the milk at the central depot, or more generally converts it himself into cheese. He may have from 20 to 60 cows. The latter never exceed six cows. They receive the bull when 18 months old, and when they have had six calves are fattened for the butcher. Young bulls of two to three years old are selected to serve.

Cows intended for the summer highland pasture are preferred if they have been calved in February, and for lowland grazing, if in November. Calves destined for the butcher are only allowed to suckle their mother three or four times.

They are then fed from the pail twice a day; milk and water at first; then pure milk, mixed with the refuse of the cheese factory. But they are finished off on goats' milk. The cows are milked twice a day, and receive salt every second day. They are daily curried, and occasionally washed. When wet after storm of rain, they are rubbed with a wisp of straw; this keeps away, it is considered, rheumatism. The Swiss loves his cow as an Arab his horse; he employs neither whip, stick, nor dog; government is all by the voice. He addresses them as his dear beasts—*das liebe Vieh!*

It is most essential to secure a cow as leader, or *conductrice*, that will instinctively find out the rich little nooks of grass. Such an animal will readily fetch 50 to 60 frs. higher prices. This "conductrice" is honored with a specially large bell; there are others with smaller ones, or *clochettes*. She is faithfully followed by the whole herd, and if a different herd be encountered, no mixing up ever ensues. Should a strange cow be added to the herd, and display an

ambition for chieftainship, a death fight comes off, if the intruder be not removed. The bells are slung from a leather collar round the animals' neck; they chime in with the owner's chant—*le rans des vaches*, or *Kühlerheichen*. At the sound of this chant, which is not composed of words, but of alternate low and high sounds, all the cows come home. Women are best at the chant, and can call a herd from a great distance. If a cow, born and reared in the Alps, be exported, and if by chance it hears in its new home the *rans*, it will paw the ground, prick up its ears, cock tail, and rush through all barriers. Bells produce the same effect. All these Alpine cows detest dogs with a cat hatred. The herds are always headed by four or five beautiful goats; as many older wear their bells when descending into the lowlands for the winter; the *conductrice* has her gale bell, which is 14 inches in diameter, and costs 100 frs. It is quite a patriarchal procession. These cows seem to have an acute instinct; thus if they go too near a slope which overhangs a precipice, when they feel themselves sliding towards destruction, they throw themselves on their belly, close their eyes, and await the inevitable dash and crash if not rescued by ropes. When a storm threatens the cattle are housed, otherwise in turning tail to hurricane, they would rush with closed eyes into perhaps an abyss.

Effects of Manure.

Certain recent experiments by Dr. Voelcker, at Woburn Farm, Eng., have given results of a very interesting and suggestive character. Some point in the direction indicated by experiments at the Ontario Experimental Farm, where for a period of seven years superphosphate mixed with barn-yard manure gave much better results than when used alone, and considerably better results than when only manure was used. At Woburn in the stock yard plots, on plots on which, for years in succession, wheat has been grown without any manure, the crop, although light in color, is remarkably good. In 1877 these unmanured plots gave 23½ bushels of wheat per acre. The produce fell gradually to about 9½ bush. in 1880, but in the past three years they gave respectively 16, 12, and 25 bush. These results Dr. Voelcker attributed chiefly to the clean cultivation. As to tilth and cleanliness, the soils is certainly in the very pink of condition, almost garden like, in fact; and there can be no doubt that the matter of cultivation has a great deal to do with the productiveness of land. Plots dressed simply with mineral manures presented an appearance scarcely any better than that of unmanured plots—that is, the application of mineral manures had exercised no appreciable influence on the wheat crop. Nitrogenous manures have been applied in salts of ammonia and nitrate of soda. In wet seasons the ammoniated salts seem to give the higher results, while nitrate of soda usually excels in the production of barley, which delights in readily available food. On certain plots, both the mineral and nitrogenous manures have been applied, and the crops on these, as a rule, promise well—decidedly better than the plots dressed with mineral manure alone, but not much superior to the plots dressed exclusively with nitrogenous manures.

The most striking point is the remarkably thorough exhaustion in a single crop of dressings of nitrogenous manures. On portions of certain plots, which had been dressed every spring since the commencement of the experiments with nitrogenous manures, these were withheld for one year, with the result that the produce fell almost as low as that from the plots which have given a crop of wheat every year since 1876 without manure of any kind. To these half plots from which the nitrogenous manures had been withheld in 1883 the nitrogenous dressing was given last spring, and at once the crop shoots ahead, presenting about the most luxuriant appearance of any of the plots in the field. It would thus seem well established that dressings of nitrate of soda and salts of ammonia are good for one season only.

The crops on the plots that have been annually dressed with farm-yard manure, (about eight tons per acre) present a healthy appearance, but they are not quite equal to those grown by nitrogenous manures. Two plots which got about the same quantity of farm-yard manure in 1877 and four following years have not since received any dressing, but have been cropped with wheat every year. This has been done with the view of discovering what residue of the former dressings of farm-yard manure might be stored up in the soil, and how long this residue might continue to influence the crop. The yield the last two years fell off considerably, but still it was in excess of the yield of the unmanured plots, and these results and the appearance of the crop this year clearly show that farm-yard manure acts slowly, and that the influence is much more lasting than that of artificial manures. The barley plots are arranged on the same plan as those of wheat, while results have also been similar.—*Toronto Globe.*

Wheat Growing.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says: "Much has been written from time to time about summer fallowing and plowing under clover. Both are good, and if properly attended to in detail will pay on most soils. I am inclined to the opinion that clover is, after all, the cheapest and best paying fertilizer, especially after all the manure from the barnyard has been spread upon the land, and yet not enough to go over the field. I have noticed that those farmers who have depended most upon clover seemed to be most successful. Pure ground bone is good, and some of the phosphates are equally good. Clover, however, should be given a fair trial by every wheat grower. Mr. Harris, one of the best advocates on wheat culture, always advocates clover. It is not the value of clover as hay, but its value before being cut. In grass and dairy districts the temptation is strong to cut the clover and feed it, then plow and manure or half manure the land, and with a hasty preparing of

the seed-bed a yield of ten or twelve bushels per acre will result, where the wheat is not winter-killed.

"Two things should be constantly kept in mind in preparing for a good yield—plant food and a seed-bed. Thousands of pages have been written and published on both subjects, and still we find a wide diversity of opinion as to the best and cheapest plant food, and whether a deep or shallow seed-bed is needed. From the testimony of the best wheat growers, also observation, and more valuable still, my own experience in growing wheat, a pulverized shallow seed-bed is most profitable because more certain to insure a good crop. Soil prepared in this manner induces the roots to spread horizontally instead of downward, and when the frost comes the whole bed of wheat is lifted without breaking the roots. A shallow seed-bed does not mean a shallow plowing, but that two or three inches of soil on top should be finely pulverized before sowing. The bed below should be reasonably compact, but not enough, of course, to hold water. If conditions are favorable frost is the most powerful friend the farmer has for pulverizing the ground. If, however, the wheat grower fails to take into account the probable and possible action of frost he will more than likely find it his greatest enemy. Millions of bushels of wheat are lost each year by reason of carelessness and failure to study the actions of frost on wheat roots. Wheat is not liable to winter-kill if the seed-bed is properly prepared and the wheat sown early enough to get a fair horizontal root before the ground freezes."

Agricultural Items.

Boys who are doomed to hold open the mouths of bags rolled over a couple of corn cobs, will appreciate the suggestion of the *Farm Journal*. A bottomless pail, with an iron hook to hang it over the edge of the grain bin, or any other board, makes a good bag-holder.

The President of the Berks County, Pa., Agricultural Society says more wheat is raised by deep sowing than by shallow planting. Wheat that is sown six inches deep will take root at the bottom. The frost will break it off, and it will then start again at the surface, thus sustaining a set-back.

It has been the opinion of most persons that water drank by the cows in large quantities lowers the quality of milk. But Dr. Lawes says, after careful experiment with a herd of thirty-one head, that the drinking of more or less water had no effect on the quality of the milk, proved the cows were well fed.

The broom corn fields near Champaign, Ill., are badly injured by a species of fungus which attacks the leaves and leaf-sheaths, covering them with crimson spots which spread, and finally cause the leaves to dry and crumble. The fields worst affected are those in which broom corn has been grown for several successive years.

FIELD potatoes should be dug as soon as fully grown; they will come out much cleaner than if left until cold weather, and besides, if intended for market, they will be ready for the first good offer that is made. Potatoes are not improved by drying them in the sun, but it is much better to dig in dry weather, and carry them at once to a cool, dark place, where they will not dry up in hot weather, or freeze in cold weather.

The *Rural New Yorker* says: "If the clover fields show few or no red blossoms, the midges are at work, and the best thing to do is to cut it soon for hay. A good second crop of clover made into hay and properly fed is worth quite as much as the crop of clover seed, were no midge present; but where the pest is abundant there need be no expectation of seed. Don't be deceived by the plump, hard feel of the heads, as a head filled with the midge larvae is as plump and nearly as hard as if filled with seed."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune washes his harness once a week on a new plan, which he describes: "Instead of tubs of hot water and strong soap, and scraping and brushing to get off the long-accumulated dirt, and then such a quantity of oil as to make the harness unpleasant to handle for a length of time, I take a basin of water, very slightly heated, and a little castile soap, wipe off the harness, and then a few spoonfuls of oil make it pliable and pleasant to look at. This saves time and harness both. In twenty minutes at the most I can clean and oil a harness, and it looks new all the while."

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Made by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Poultry Yard.

Indigestion in Fowls.

The male birds seem more frequently to be the victims than hens. Our hens have suffered occasionally from this same cause, and we have never been able to combat the disease successfully, except when the case was taken in hand at the first appearance of the trouble.

The symptoms, as we have observed them, were, first, a loss of appetite and moping, speedily followed by a weakness of the legs and a disinclination to stand. The crop is usually rather full, and, in addition to the food, contains a yellowish colored, very offensive watery substance, which will run out of the mouth if the bird is held with head downward, and the crop pressed by the fingers.

We believe the primary cause of this trouble to be indigestion, to which fowls are very subject, and that if the fowl is taken in hand at the first commencement of the attack, and a dose of castor oil poured down its throat, after purging it well, feeding it on soft, and slightly stimulating food, a cure might be effected. If the fowl is neglected too long, it becomes feverish and weak, and a purging would result in death. If the bird has been troubled for any length of time, we would advise feeding with soft stimulating food. The following is highly recommended as a tonic for debilitated fowls: Cinnamon bark in fine powder, three parts; ginger, ten parts; gentian, one part; anise seed, one part; carbonate of iron, five parts. Mix thoroughly. A teaspoonful to a pint of food is all that should be given. Avoid giving raw meal dough to a sick fowl. We find a great want of knowledge concerning this very complaint.—*Nat. Live-Stock Journal.*

Diseases in Poultry.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says: "The most frequent diseases in poultry are those resulting from uncleanliness, impure air and over-feeding. A poultry-house in which the air is poisoned by the vapors from decaying droppings is unwholesome to the fowls and they soon suffer from catarrh or roup, cholera or intestinal fever, cramps, gout, rheumatism and other muscular inflammatory diseases and blood diseases, which cause the comb to turn black, the eyes to become blind and the birds to die very rapidly. It is almost useless to try to treat sick fowls, because death is so rapid, but when one is found ailing it indicates the existence of some source of disease, and this may be averted by prompt sanitary precautions and the use of some simple medicine. Hyposulphite of soda is the most useful antiseptic medicine that can be used, and it is easily given dissolved in water in which some meal is mixed."

Says the Country Gentleman: "It is of the utmost importance to have plenty of pure running water for the fowls to drink, and bathe in. Nothing contributes more to the health and vigor of the birds than good, pure water, and nothing relating to their care and management is, perhaps, more neglected. If a stream is not accessible, then fresh water should be supplied in shallow tanks, replenished at least three times daily. The principal cause of cholera and many other diseases is stagnant water coupled with unclean quarters."

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Down's Blixir, a never failing remedy for all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost twenty-five cents per bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, cures Sprains, Bruises and Lameness at once.

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THE MACK DOOR HANGER CO.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers For Descriptive Circular and Price Address R. J. Hosken, Manager, 222-14 Romeo, Mich.

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Importers and Breeders of NORMAN HORSES! (Formerly firm of B. Dillon & Co.)

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE BEST KNIFE IN THE WORLD! To cut HAY & STRAW from the Mow, Stack, or Bundle. To cut CORN STALKS, or BALD HAY, or Bunches, into Fine Feed. To cut KANSAS ROOTS, or any other roots, into fine feed. To cut PEA VINE, and Ditching in Rows and Meadows, turning the roots and cutting off the tops, and leaving the roots in the ground, ready for use. This is the only knife of the kind, and it is the only one that will cut any kind of hay or straw, and it is the only one that will cut any kind of corn stalks, or any other roots, and it is the only one that will cut any kind of pea vine, or any other roots, and it is the only one that will cut any kind of ditching in rows and meadows, turning the roots and cutting off the tops, and leaving the roots in the ground, ready for use. 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Large Ill. Catalogue free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In compliance with the laws of the State of Kentucky requiring all the personal property of estates to be sold publicly, I will as Administrator of

JAMES C. HAMILTON, DECEASED,

SELL

HIS ENTIRE HERD OF BATES SHORTHORNS,

At His Late Residence, FLAT CREEK, Bath County, KY.,

ON THE 24th AND 25th SEPTEMBER, 1884.

The herd numbers more than one hundred head of the following families: Airdrie Duchess, Barrington, Kirklevington, Rose of Sharon and Young Mary, all of which are Pure Bates Stock Bulls, 3d Duke of Kent 51118, Barrington Duke 37623 and 3d Duke of Kent No. 10, Vol. 27.

Catalogues may be had by applying to me after August 10th.

GEO. G. HAMILTON, Administrator.

P. O. Flat Creek, Bath County, Ky.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1884, Williams & Hamilton, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., will sell a select draft of about fifty head

from their Longwood Herd, which will include Kirklevingtons, Craggs, Hilpas, Places, Rose of Sharon, Young Marys, Phyllis and Josephines, topped by 4th Duke of Geneva (30058), Grand Duke of Geneva (30753), Geneva Wild Eyes 51776 and Barrington Duke 37622. Apply to them at Mt. Sterling, Ky., for catalogue.

are dead, and the remains buried in the cemetery in one large coffin. Eight others are not expected to survive their burns.

A heavy piece of casting was placed on the track of the Illinois Central, near Galena, Ill., one night last week, with the evident intention of wrecking the fast passenger train.

The casting was wedged into a frog near a big bridge. When the engine struck the obstruction the engine fell the jar and stopped the train, throwing the casting shattered into fragments, but for which the train would have been thrown over the bank. This is the second attempt to wreck trains in this way at the same place.

Foreign.

Emperor William was thrown from his horse on the 28th, while riding in the park, and slightly injured.

England is sending reinforcements to Egypt. The expedition for the relief of Gen. Gordon is increased to 7,000 men.

The Paris Figaro says France has 51,000 troops in Algeria, which are ready to seize Cairo when so ordered, if the French be barred from the Suez Canal.

It is stated there is a magnificent harvest in Ireland this year, the only trouble there is that so few laborers left to secure it. Most of the able-bodied men have emigrated, and only old men and boys are left.

France so far has been victorious in her conflict with China. The Kingpin forts at the mouth of the Min River, and all the defenses there have been destroyed. The French merchants expelled from Canton have arrived at Hong Kong.

There was a serious riot at Lima, Peru, last week, caused by the entry of a French steamer to the city, his entrance being opposed by the government troops. About 150 persons were killed. The government troops drove out the insurgents, and captured 300 prisoners. The core of the telegraph wires and stopped all the railroad trains.

Enclosed find \$18 for the Sewing Machine and FARMER for one year, as advertised. Send the Machine to Jacob Fleiger, Dextor, to my care. Mr. Fleiger's daughter, who is living with me, got one of the machines some time ago, and is so well pleased with it that her people wish to have themselves of your liberal offer, and now order another. EMBREYER SUTTER, Dextor.

Farm Lab.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Geo. A. Hough, Attorney, 201 Broadway, Detroit.

No Government Lands for Sale in Dakota.

NEW HONOLULU, Aug. 30, 1884.

DEAR SIR: One person buy land from the Government at \$1.25 per acre in Dakota, or any place where Government lands are located, and hold the same without remaining on the land? Please answer and oblige. S. RENVICK.

Answer: There are as yet no Government lands for sale in Dakota, the policy of the Government being to encourage actual settlement under the homestead, pre-emption, and timber culture acts, and to prevent capitalists from buying up large tracts and holding them for speculation.

In many of the older portions of the country where the bulk of the public lands has been taken up by homestead and pre-emption entry, the balance may be bought from the Government at \$1.25 per acre. But public lands can only be so bought where, in pursuance of authority from Congress, the President has offered the same for sale at public auction. Sales of public lands are thus from time to time held in the different land districts after due notice in the public newspapers. The lands are offered in half quarter sections to the highest bidder, and the sale is kept up as long as the bidders hold out. No lands are sold for less than \$1.25 per acre and no credit is given, full payment being required on day of purchase. All lands which have been so advertised for sale, which remain unsold at the close of the public sale, are held subject to be sold at private sale at \$1.25 per acre.

Lands lying along railroads and other improvements, the projectors of alternate sections, are held at \$2.50 per acre.

There are railroad lands for sale in the northern part of Dakota by the Northern Pacific Railway Co., at prices fixed by the company, and any individual or Government has acquired title from the Government or if he has not completed his title can sell his claim. But no land can be bought there directly from the Government and it is not likely that any will be offered, for some time at least, as the sentiment of the country is strongly against it. H. A. H.

BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING.

New Illustrated Catalogue, containing lists of the choicest bulbs, at wholesale and retail prices for all applications. Address: ELLIOTT & BARNY, Retail Agents, Rochester, N. Y.

CHEAPEST & BEST MILL

Grinding all kinds of Grain. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. CHAS. KAESTNER & CO., 205-211 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED.

By a middle aged man, a situation to work on a farm. Has had some experience handling cattle and horses. Address C. W. PARKER, office.

DIRECTORY

OF

Michigan Breeders.

CATTLE—Shorthorns.

A. CHANDLER, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Essex ewes. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome.

A. D. DOGARMO, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young stock for sale at reduced prices. 1515-4m.

A. E. ANDREWS, Maple Valley Stock Farm, Williamstown, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and good families. Also agent for the Celebrated Champion Creamer.

A. P. COOK, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families represented. Bull Major Craggs at head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. 4231y.

A. S. BROOKS, Wixom, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Families represented. Oxford Greyhounds, Phyllis, Pomona, Bell Duchs, etc. 4231y.

BENJ. F. BATHURER, Ocola, Center, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd consists of young bulls and heifers for sale. Terms reasonable. 1515-1y.

CHARLES F. MOORE, breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle, St. Clair, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly attended to.

CHARLES FISHER, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Banner Bull Barren, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victoria, Stapleton Lass, Sallinas and Bright Eyes families. Young stock for sale. June 1-1y.

CHISHAM & SON, Bennington, Shawanago Co., breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Berks, shire ewes and Merino sheep. All stock recorded. Stock for sale.

C. R. BACKUS, Springdale Stock Farm, Williamstown, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Vermont and Michigan Merino Sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 1515-1y.

S. BROOKS, Brighton, Mich., breeder of registered Shorthorns of leading families—Pomona, Florence, etc. Also bred and raised and Poland China Swine. Young stock for sale. 1515-1y.

DAVID F. WILCOX, Forest Hill Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Correspondence solicited. Improved farm of 300 acres, with good buildings for sale. Postoffice address, Rilly, Clinton Co. 1515-1y.

M. UHL, Brookside, Hurler, Choice making qualities for sale. Correspondence solicited.

P. KELSEY, Clay Ridge Farm, Ionia, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by principal families of Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, Gwynne, etc. Correspondence solicited.

E. S. BURNETT, Bancroft, Shawanago Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Irona, Victoria and Strawberry families. Stock for sale.

A. BRADEN, Bancroft, Shawanago Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by principal families of Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, Gwynne, etc. Correspondence solicited.

FRANK E. IVES, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Unadilla, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Vermont and Michigan Merino Sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

GEORGE W. STUART, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. 1515-1y.

HENRY LESTER, Oakdale Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Correspondence solicited. Improved farm of 300 acres, with good buildings for sale. Postoffice address, Rilly, Clinton Co. 1515-1y.

H. H. HINDS, Stanton, Montcalm Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino Sheep. 1515-1y.

H. H. HOLT, Thorpeville Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and pure Suffolk ewes; young stock for sale; correspondence invited.

L. M. WHITAKER, Hazelton Ridge Farm, Ionia, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino Sheep. 1515-1y.

JAMES D. BOTSFOED, Ocola, Center, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, registered and grade Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

JAMES MOORE, Milford, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Irona, Victoria and Strawberry families. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN GOOD, Richfield, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Kentucky bred Barren Bates 14th in herd. Stock for sale.

J. E. FISK & SON, Johnston, Barry County, Mich., breeders of Shorthorn cattle, registered American Merino sheep, and Poland-China swine. Herd headed by 2d Duke of Kent, 3d Duke of Kent, and 4th Duke of Kent. 1515-1y.

J. LESTER, Jersey, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire and Southdown Sheep. Stock for sale.

JOHN F. DREW, Jackson, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. Residence seven miles north on Grand Road. 1515-1y.

JOHN JOY, Atlas, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns of good families. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

JOHN MEYER, Romeo, Macomb Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited.

J. SEN THORNBURN & SON, Ridgeway, Howell, Livingston Co., breeders of Shorthorn cattle, registered Merino Sheep, and Poland-China swine. Herd headed by 2d Duke of Kent, 3d Duke of Kent, and 4th Duke of Kent. 1515-1y.

J. S. PACEY, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Unadilla, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Vermont and Michigan Merino Sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

L. BROOKS, Novi, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Write for prices. 1515-1y.

A. L. OLSTED, Burr Oak Farm, Ionia, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

LUTHER, Grand Rapids, Jackson Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families for sale. 1515-1y.

M. DAVIDSON, Tecumseh, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young females for sale. Also some cowboys. Correspondence will receive prompt reply. 1515-1y.

N. B. HAYES, Eldorado Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, registered Merino Sheep, and Poland-China swine. Herd headed by 2d Duke of Kent, 3d Duke of Kent, and 4th Duke of Kent. 1515-1y.

O. SNOW & SON, Oakland Park Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, Mich., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Families represented are Young Mary, Phyllis, Golden Pippin and White Rose. Correspondence solicited.

PHELPS BROTHERS, Dexter, Washtenaw Co., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Young Mary, Strawberry, Maltese, Victoria and Gwynne families represented. Stock for sale.

RICHARD DOUGHERTY, Prairie Valley Farm, Colon, St. Joseph Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns and registered Merino Sheep. 1515-1y.

S. CHAFFEE, Byron, Shawanago Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep and Poland China Swine. All stock recorded. Stock for sale.

W. C. WIXOM, Wixom, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Kirklevington, Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Helen, Rosemary, Duchess of Sutherland, and other families. Herd headed by the Bates Bull Kirklevington 1st and 2nd. 4231y.

W. E. BOYDEN, DeShazo Mills, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorns, also Merino Sheep. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

W. M. BALL, Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Principal families. Rose of Sharon, Phyllis and Young Mary. Also bred and raised and grade Jerseys and Poland-China swine. Stock for sale. Write for prices. 1515-1y.

W. M. GRAHAM, Rochester, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, registered Merino Sheep, and Berkshire swine. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON, Howell, Mich., breeders of Shorthorn cattle and Cotswold sheep. Stock for sale; prices reasonable.

WM. WHITFIELD & SONS, Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., breeders of thoroughbred registered Shorthorn cattle and Hampshire sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

Holsteins.

A. UNDERWOOD, Addison, breeder and Correspondence solicited. Stock for sale.

CLARENCE V. SEELEY, North Farmington, Oakland Co., breeder of Dutch-Friesian cattle from imported stock. Herd Books on hand and for sale.

CHAS. F. GILLMAN, "Fenfield Stock Farm," Pawamoo, breeder and dealer in thoroughbred Holstein cattle and Merino Sheep. 4231y.

L. HARRISON, Lansing, breeder of and dealer in pure Holstein cattle. Stock for sale.

E. R. PHILLIPS, Bay City, breeder and importer of Dutch-Friesian cattle. Some fine young bulls for sale. Correspondence solicited.

J. M. STERLING, Monroe, breeder of pure Dutch-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

M. L. SWEET, Holly Bank Stock Farm, Grand Rapids, Mich., importer and breeder of thoroughbred registered Holstein (Dutch-Friesian) cattle. Catalogues on application. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited.

ROWLEY & PHILLIPS, Orchard Side, Mich., breeders of thoroughbred registered Dutch-Friesian cattle. P. O. address, Clinton, Mich. 4231y.

R. G. WASHBURN, Litchfield, Hillsdale Co., breeder of and dealer in thoroughbred and imported Holstein cattle. First-class stock for sale.

W. E. SEXTON, Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Some fine young bulls for sale. Correspondence solicited.

BATES & MARTIN, Grand River Herd of Choice young stock for sale. Address, No. 10 Canal St., Grand Rapids. Farm five miles east of city.

G. R. SMITH, Meadow Brook Herd of Jersey, Eagle, Mich. Stock of the Le Roy's Price \$350, Cossack, Young Rose 48, Bravo and other famous strains represented. Herdian choice. 1515-1y.

JERSEY HEIFERS & YOUNG COWS

J. H. B. STOK, with first-class pedigrees, for sale. For price list address R. W. HEMPILL, Ypsilanti, Mich., or H. H. JAMES, Detroit, Mich. 1515-1y.

P. FRANK, Maple Grove Stock Farm, Grand Rapids, Mich., breeder of Jersey and Lady Marys. Correspondence invited and promptly answered. 1515-1y.

W. J. G. DEAN, Oakland Herd, Howell, Mich. Stock of the Alpha and other noted strains for sale. All stock in the American Jersey Cattle Club Register. Prices very reasonable for quality of stock. Farm 3 miles east of village.

Herefords.

BROOK FARM HEREFORDS, David Collier, Proprietor, Lapeer. Correspondence solicited.

DIVERDALE STOCK FARM, Metamora, and Berkshire Swine. All stock registered. Correspondence solicited. Address, Geo. Stone, Mgr.

THOMAS FOSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, Flint, Genesee Co., breeder of Hereford cattle, Lord Herwick 2d at head, Cotswold and Hampshire Swine, with registered terms. Trothing horses, with Maltese Flint and brindle Gilt, Jr. in the stud, with eleven mares of fine stock. 1515-1y.

Galloways.

J. L. WICKES & CO., Colby, Montcalm Co., breeders of thoroughbred Galloway cattle and Percheron horses, with imp. Macomb in stud.

R. E. CARUS, Essex, Clinton Co., St. Johns Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Correspondence solicited.

A. A. WOOD, Saline, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Merino Sheep. A large stock constantly on hand. 1515-1y.

DAM DIEHL, Milford, Mich., breeder of nos. Stock for sale on very reasonable terms. Correspondence solicited.

A. J. McILLEN, Nottawa Prairie Farm, Menominee, St. Joseph Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep and Percheron horses, with imported Chere 355 in the stud.

MILAN WILLET, Haslewood Stock Farm, Milford, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

A. MOS FARMER, Vernon, Shawanago Co., Mich., breeder of registered and grade Merino sheep. Strong constitution and long staple wool of a prominent feature.

T. SHORT, Coldwater, breeder of thoroughbred and Michigan registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

W. MARINO, Burr Oak Grove Farm, Menominee, St. Joseph Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

C. WARNER, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale.

C. E. LOCKWOOD, Washington, Macomb Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep of Atwood Stock, descended directly from the Hammond flock. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

HAS. E. SOUTHWELL, Marshall, Mich., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

CONNER & FELLOWS, Metamora, Lapeer Co., breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

COUCH & DORR, Grass Lake P. O., residence Sharon, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Michigan and Vermont registered Merino Sheep. Choice pure-bred Poland Chinas and Essex ewes; also Plymouth Rock chicks. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

D. H. & H. L. SEARS, Ann Arbor, Washtenaw Co., breeders of thoroughbred Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

LEWIS BROS. & SHULTZ, Coldwater, Mich., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

E. A. DALEY, Flint, Creek, Calhoun Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale.

E. BURLEIGH, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

E. WELCH, Paw Paw Valley Stock Farm, Paw Paw, Mich., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. The foundation of this flock was laid by J. F. Martin, Paw Paw, Mich. P. O. address, Paw Paw in Ann Arbor.

J. E. & SONS, Stock for sale; correspondence solicited.

J. FOSTER, Ocola Center, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

J. STANTON, Washtenaw Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

R. W. DEAN, Maple Grove Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

G. F. HARRINGTON, Paw Paw, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep and Poland China Swine. All stock registered and recorded. Stock for sale.

G. H. HOYT, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. Stock for sale.

HUGHES BROS., Inlay City, Lapeer Co., breeders of thoroughbred Michigan registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale.

JAMES W. BESLEY, Maple Shade Farm, Eureka, Calhoun Co., Mich., breeder of American Merino and grade sheep; ewes and rams for sale. 1515-1y.

J. E. GILMORE, Grand Blanc, breeder and dealer in American Merinos of pure Atwood blood. All stock registered. Good stock rams for sale at prices to suit the times. Correspondence solicited.

JAMES McCREGOR & SON, Metamora, Lapeer Co., breeders of thoroughbred registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

JAMES W. NEWBURY, Hanover, Jackson Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

JAMES M. KRESS, residence Bridgewater, sheep. Stock for sale. P. O. address, Clinton, Lenawee County.

J. C. THOMPSON, Romeo, Macomb County, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

J. EVARTS SMITH, Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino Sheep registered in Vermont. Rams and ewes for sale of my own breed, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vt. Examine before purchasing elsewhere. 1515-1y.

J. E. ROGERS, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of thoroughbred Vermont registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

J. S. DABNER, Highland, Michigan, Oakland Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

J. S. WOOD, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

JOHN CHILSON, Hanover, Jackson Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

JOHN M. HORNING, Norvell, Jackson Co., breeder of registered Merino sheep. Young stock for sale; correspondence and inspection invited.

J. H. THOMPSON, Grand Blanc, Michigan, breeder of registered Merino Sheep of Atwood blood. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

J. S. DABNER, Highland, Michigan, Oakland Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

J. S. WOOD, Saline, Washtenaw Co., breeder of registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 1515-1y.

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Poetry

THE WAY IT IS SAID.

The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream;
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream;
An omen of terrible import and doubt—
His teeth in one moment all fell out.
His wisemen assembled at break of day,
And stood by the throne in solemn array.
And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold;
And all stood silent, in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.
At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Said, "Parlon, my lord, what I have to say:
"Thou art an omen of sorrow sent from on high—
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."
With was the Sultan; he gasped his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe,
As he ordered the wisemen bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.
The wisemen shook as the Sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next would die;
But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone:
"Bless'd, O head of happy State!
Behold, O heir of a glorious fate!
"For this is the favor thou shalt win,
O Sultan—to outlive all thy kin!"
Pleased was the Sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred crowns to the wiseman gave.
But the courtiers, they not, with grave, sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks.
"Well can the Sultan reward and blame;
Nada! both the wisemen foretell the same!"
Quoth the crafty old Vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

WAITING.

Seems I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delay;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
Adeeps, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.
The waters know their spring and draw
The brooks that spring in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.
The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

Miscellaneous.

KING OF NEUCES COUNTY.

It was a winter night; winter not only by appointment of the almanac, but by the more potent authority of the fierce Sierras, that shrieked wildly through the "norther," that raiding wind of the streets, battering in its loud hectoring way at shutters and doors, as if demanding admission upon penalty, bullying and tormenting the helpless trees as end of it would at once and forever make an if of them, catching the unresisting rain in its strong clutch, whipping it against the windows and walls, and driving it through a thousand unsuspected crevices—a sort of Goliath of Gath wind, that roared up and down through the camp, daring the whole host to come out and battle with it.

Of the few unfortunates whom circumstances compelled to meet this rude challenge, the omnibus of the Island City Hotel held two just arrived by the train from some indefinite region to the northward, and continuing in this perilous manner their journey toward rest and shelter. They were of opposite sex, the man a burly, black-bearded person, with black eyes that glowed beneath the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat with a fire scarcely inferior to that of the imposing diamond on upon his shirt front. He sat squarely in the middle of the seat, with one arm stretched along its back, nursing a heavily booted foot upon one knee, and complacently threading the fingers of his brown hairy hand through his thick beard. The woman, whom even the uncertain light of the inefficient lamp showed to be young and attractive, was buttoned from the throat to ankle in an all-enveloping waterproof, but her hat was a stylish little affair of felt, trimmed with a handsome plume; and a muf of rich dark fur, which reposed upon her lap, united its testimony to that of the Russia leather traveling satchel upon the favorable side of the question as to her fortune and social standing.

She sat with her back as nearly turned upon her fellow traveler as the construction of the vehicle would allow, gazing fixedly out of the front window, where the flickering ray of the driver's lamp showed her the wet tracks and whirling ears of the horses. Her position afforded an admirable view of the solidly coiled braids of hair, with a fringe of little unpremeditated curls, that fell from beneath them upon a slender, well-moulded neck, which the black-bearded man seemed to find pleasing.

The omnibus labored heavily forward in the gale, which had laid its lash of raindrops sharply across the closed glasses. All at once, with a fearful lurch, it came to a momentary stand, hesitating apparently upon the verge of a catastrophe; while the flickering ray gleamed brokenly upon the agitated surface of a body of water of undetermined extent. The young lady started up, grasping her satchel, and looking about her as if for means of escape.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," said her fellow traveler in a deep bass voice. "Just forin' one of the city ponds; keep your seat."

"Is there no danger? The driver hasn't gone into the gulf by mistake, you think?" panted she in a sweet tremulous tone.

"Oh, no; we're all right. I'll be dog-

goned if the omnibus oughten to be schooner rigged, tho', or the city oughter keep ferries on their lakes. They never know whether they're afloat or ashore in this town. I'll be dogged ef I'd live in it ef they'd give me th' hol' layout."

The lumbering vehicle resumed its dark and pathless way, the young woman sank into her seat and the burly man into silence, still combing his whiskers with his brown hand, and nursing the heavy foot on his knee.

"Here we are," he said cheerfully, as with a final lurch, and a complaining groan from each separate joint, the ark rested, and gathering his valise in one hand, and laying the other upon the door, he seemed to dive headlong into open space. As the young woman timidly followed, however, she saw that he was waiting for her, his figure indistinctly outlined against a luminous doorway, opening into a huge, square shadow, which she guessed rather than saw to be the hotel.

"It's mos' too wet for them shoes of yours," he said by way of explanation, and without further speech he cast an arm about her waist, and crossing in two strides the intervening strip of water and sand, set her down upon the gallery in front of the open door.

A waiter pounced upon them and taking the satchel and valise into one hand as if satisfied that they belonged together, led the way to the ladies' parlor.

"Here's a fire," said the burly man; "come set by it and warm you'self. You must be pretty nigh froze."

She yielded quietly, though with a little air of reserve, to his direction, and accepted the chair he placed for her before the open fire, which was doing its inefficient best to warm the large empty room. She looked like a woman accustomed to being taken care of, one toward whom every man would naturally experience the protective impulse, and her present self-elected guardian regarded her with an expression at once critical and approving, as she leaned back and put her two shapely, well-shod feet upon the fender.

"I s'pose I better go an' see 'bout my room an' supper," he said. "Ain't you hungry?"

"I think I could eat something."

"I should think so. You'll want a room, too, I reckon."

"Why, yes, to be sure. I forgot that I must register."

"I s'pose I might register for you jist as well as not, ef you'd give me your name."

"If you would be so kind, I should be ever so much obliged," she assented sweetly. "My name is Hemming, of St. Louis; wait, I have a card."

She drew from some concealed receptacle under her waterproof a rotund pocket-book from which she extracted a dainty card.

"All right," he said, taking it, "that'll fix it. I'll be back in a minit."

He strode away, and she, turning herself a little in her chair, looked after him with an expression of amused wonder. As the door closed behind him she rose in her chair, and rapidly unbuttoning the long waterproof threw it off and ran to the pier-glass. It is not often that a full length survey of one's person after a long railway journey proves so satisfactory. The dark, well-fitted costume looked fresh and crisp, and when she had effected some mysterious change under cover of the overdress, the apparently short skirt fell into a graceful demi-train, with what the modistes call a charming arrangement of flounces and drapery. Bringing her satchel from the chair where the porter had deposited it, she poured some cologne upon her handkerchief and rubbed it over her face, following it up with a bit of camellia which she first applied to the contents of a small oval box of white cardboard, retied her scarlet cravat, settled her hat in a more becoming position, then with an approving nod at the image thus readjusted and brightened, returned to her place by the fire.

The image was not indeed unworthy of approval. A rather petite image it was, with well-rounded figure, and a face, which, though somewhat heavily featured, had that piquant charm of clear light gray eyes shadowed by long dark lashes, and contrasted with olive skin, and dark hair which belong to orbs of a deeper hue.

She had hardly regained her seat when her new acquaintance returned. He also had transformed, his appearance somewhat by the removal of his hat and overcoat, and looked a trifle less burly, though his under coat made no pretense of fitting him. His face presented that contrast in color common to hat-wearing men who live much out of doors in warm climates, the forehead being several shades whiter than the cheeks. His eyes testified that he noted the change wrought during his absence.

"You look fresh as a posy," he commented, with a wide severance of the whiskers and mustache, which probably signified a smile. "Well, that's all fixed; here's the key to your room, number forty-seven; but if you want some supper you better come right along. It's about over. I'm goin' in now, s'pose you come with me."

She hesitated a moment, then arose and shook her flounces.

"I won't take off my hat, I guess, because my hair isn't very smooth," she said, as if consulting him.

"You look all right," he returned encouragingly; "them es don't like it ken look the other way, only I don't think much of their taste in women," he added instantly.

The dining-room was almost empty when they entered, and the lordly steward who had jurisdiction there waved them to a seat near one of the stoves.

"Last time I was here," remarked the gentleman, who had registered himself with a sprawling hand that overran all bounds, as Colonel Sharp, of Neuces County, "they sot me over there at the bachelors' table. I'm in big luck to-night. Now look a heah," he continued to the waiter, "you jist make out it's the Grand Duke Elaxis you's a waiting' on an' jist everlastin' hurry up things. You heah?"

The waiter grinned and slid away, and the Colonel again addressed himself to his companion.

"I ain't exactly a Rooshen Dook," (the Grand Duke was at that time flashing comet like about the country), "but they call me a king down my way. I s'pose you've heard tell of the cattle kings?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure; and are you one?"

"That's what they call me—cattle king of Neuces County."

"Neuces County, indeed?" and the lady looked interested.

"Ever been out that way?"

"No, never."

"Well, you'd oughter go," and encouraged by her attentive look, he launched into a glowing description, which quite obscured the cold and meager supper and endured to its end.

Upon their return to the parlor the lady signified to an attendant her wish to be shown to number forty-seven, and the Colonel also decided to investigate the quarters assigned to himself. They ascended together as far as the second story, but there the waiter darted down an obscure passage and throwing open a door deposited the lady's satchel within, and then led his remaining charge to higher regions.

It was very cold in the narrow little closet to which she found herself assigned, and by the time she had taken off her hat and re-arranged her hair, and superintended the placing of her trunk in the nicely calculated space left vacant for the purpose, she was shivering to such an extent that she determined to seek the parlor once more. Half way down a heavy tread behind her made her look over her shoulder. It was the Colonel also descending.

"Cold'n Lapland, ain't it?" he said.

"Going to the parlor to get warm; I reckon I'll go with you."

He seemed to have no dawning of doubt as to the acceptability of his company, and indeed she made no objection. The two ladies who occupied easy chairs before the fire, politely made room for them; then, finding it difficult to carry on their interrupted gossip in the presence of strangers, rose and after sauntering about the room a few moments, went out.

"Well, I'm glad they concluded to leave," said the Colonel. "They didn't look sociable like. I hate these stuck-up lookin' females that eye you like ef they'd never seen the like afore. We're got the place to ourselves now an' here's a planer. Couldn't give us a tune, could ye?"

"Oh, yes," she said willingly, and taking her place before the open instrument she dashed at once into one of those compositions usually labeled "Morceau de Concert." Her auditor listened but not with interest.

"That's pretty good," he said indifferently. "I s'pose you couldn't play 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' could ye? I know a lady down my way et kin jist knock that tune off like smoke."

She laughed good-naturedly, and at once began the variations upon "Auld Lang Syne," which so inexplicably introduced the other one popular melody.

She played with a fluent ease and brilliancy that showed industrious practice, bringing out her melody well through all the labyrinth of runs, arpeggios and tremolos devised for it by the ingenious author.

The Colonel sat entranced, the aperture between mustache and whisker widened to a degree that gave his countenance quite a cavernous aspect.

"Bully!" he cried when she had finished. "That jist bangs the Widder Bates all to thunder. You ain't married?"

"Yes I am," she said, nodding her head and glancing at him mischievously.

"No! by thunder, that's too bad! You fill the bill almos' to a har, you do. I did say she'd have this yer fine yeller hair et's goin' about now, but that ain't no great matter much of she's got style an' kin play the pianer, an' that you kin jist everlastin' to see. I sorter tuck a likin' to you the minit I see you. I swear it's too confounded bad."

"Didn't you see from my card that I was Mrs. Hemming?" she asked, as he paused ruefully.

"Why yes; but I sorter took it for granted you was a widder, you bein' alone so. Mrs. Bates was a widder. Her an' me had it all made up to be married next spring. Her husband was shot 'bout a year ago an' her range bein' next to mine it seemed to come in natural like ef we shud jine lan's and han's. She's a mid-dlin' fine woman, too, an' kin play the pianer, though nothin' like you kin. She puts on a heap of style though, an' calls herself the cattle queen of Neuces. So when she throwed me, I swore I'd bring a cattle queen to the county 'ud make her take a back seat. I did think of gettin' one them white-faced yeller hard girls, such as I've seed at the theatre; but when I seed you I says to myself, 'She'd do mighty well as far as looks an' style goes,' an' when I heard you play I was jus' carried clean off my feet. An' now you're married."

"Yes," she said, and her face darkened. "I'm married. It's funny, though. I'm going to Neuces County. I am going by the next steamer."

"Are you? What for? He ain't run away from ye, is he?"

"Yes, he's run away from me," she returned, in an even tone that seemed to cover some repressed feeling.

"Well, dog on his mean hide! I'll shoot him on sight of you say so. You didn't hear he was in Neuces county, did you?"

"Yes, I heard he was there."

"I ought to know him, then. I know putty nigh every man in the country. What is his name?"

She did not answer at once, appearing to reflect whether it were prudent to place so much confidence in a stranger, but finally she said slowly, and as if more to herself than to him:

"He calls himself Holden."

"Jack Holden?" cried the Colonel, excitedly.

"So I heard," she said, looking keenly at him.

"The Widder Bates' husband, by—"

The Colonel forgot the restraint he had hitherto laid upon himself and uttered a genuine oath.

"It's true that he's married then," she asked quickly, and with flashing eyes.

"Handsome, light-complected, curly-headed fellow?"

"Yes."

"Plays the fiddle?"

"Yes."

"That's him! (expletive) that's the Widder Bates' husband! D—n him! Shoot in's too good for him. I'll raise a crowd an' hang him."

"No, you won't," she said, and she drew her breath fiercely between her set teeth. "I can settle my own affairs."

Handsome Jack Hemming, alias Holden, sauntered slowly down the main street of Corpus, his wide sombrero in his hand, his curly head bared to the mild evening breeze that breathed softly in from the gulf. He wore the costume of the cattlemen, but somehow it fitted and became him as it became no other. On him the blue blouse belted at the waist, the leather breeches and the high boots seemed the proper dress of a gentleman.

Jack spent much of his time in Corpus now, since his marriage had put him in funds again, and there were men in the town who, had they chosen, could have given the cattle queen of Neuces some information that would have disturbed the complacent satisfaction with which she regarded her handsome prince consort.

Jack, however, concerned himself not at all about such possibilities. His scheme of life included little beyond enjoyment of the present, and he was already beginning to tire of the resources Corpus offered in that direction.

As he sauntered down the street with the sun in his eyes, he was revolving a plan for getting possession of certain thousands belonging to the Cattle Queen, and as he phrased it to himself: "Lighting out for Frisco." Frisco seemed just the place for him; he was half sorry he had not struck out for that city in the first instance.

A woman's figure issued from a doorway a few yards in advance and moved toward him. The sun being in his eyes, he did not see her very well, not even when she paused in front of him with a glittering something in her outstretched hand directed at his breast.

Something about her must have struck him as familiar, however, for he made a step forward with an inarticulate cry almost simultaneously with the red flash and the sharp report that split the evening quiet.

He wavered a moment, turned half about, made a futile effort to put on his hat, passed his hand against his breast, then fell slowly forward.

The woman, who had stood watching him with a face from which every particle of blood had fled, sprang forward with a loud shriek, and threw herself beside him. A man, it was Colonel Sharp, ran to her and tried to lift her up.

"Come," he urged in a low tone, "thar's a crowd getherin'! You mus' git away."

"What! With you?" she exclaimed. Then crying out, "Wait, Jack, I'm coming, too," she turned the muzzle to her own breast and fired a second shot, as sure as the first.

The Colonel slowly recovered himself. "Thar ain't," he said, solemnly taking off his hat and stretching out his hand as if about to pronounce an oration, "thar ain't a man in Neuces that's her equal for grit, or a woman that's her equal for planner playin'."—*Edna Gray in Texas Siftings.*

Selling Names.

In the rear of a cigar store in Eight avenue, says the New York Sun, a man was gleaning a small press which constantly turned out sheets of names. Dealing in names was the man's business. All around him were shelves laden with card board boxes full of names on sheets like those he was printing. On the edge of the shelves were printed strips bearing the words "lawyers," "doctors," "druggists," "grocers," and so on through the long list of vocations. "I advertise a million names," said the man, "I don't suppose I have got half as many as that. They're for sale. I sell them to business men, men who want to send out circulars, publishers who are starting journals and want to introduce them widely, inventors who have something they want to bring to the notice of a certain class of persons, and so on. For instance, a man who has invented a beer faucet got from me the names of brewers and saloon keepers; another man who designed a new form of memorandum book came to me to-day for the names of all the lawyers and physicians in my collection, and the proprietor of a military academy up the Hudson came in yesterday and got about all the names I had. I print them, as you see, about half an inch apart, so that they can be cut off and pasted on wrappers, envelopes, or newspapers."

"I get these names in all sorts of ways. For instance the Sun keeps me busy every day cutting out and copying names. I copy all names of business firms, householders, officials, and professional men. But most of my names come to me in other ways. The official list of licenses granted, legal documents, directories, blue books, lists of membership of clubs, associations, corporations and in a score more ways than I can think of in a hurry. I renew my lists constantly, and every mid-summer I throw away those I have had for a year; not all of them, but all I think are unreliable, such as householders, for instance. There is plenty of demand for names. Men who want to appeal to a large circle of persons quit this little den of mine full of gratitude, saying that they would not have known what to do but for me. They are usually surprised at the low price I charge, but I have low prices, not because I do not value my own services so much as because there are others in this business in New York, and the competition is lively."

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer speaks of the many uses to which a home-made cement may be put. Mix litharge (white lead) and glycerine until it is about the consistency of soft putty. It will mend coarse earthenware, stop a leak in an iron kettle or tin ware, is useful in tightening loose bolts and fastening on lamp tops. Neither hot nor cold water, nor acids affect it. The same journal says dolly's heads may be made practically indestructible by filling the heads with plaster of Paris and allowing it to set firmly.

A NEW SKIN.

Colonel Avignon was a widower and ex-Guardsman of about forty-five; handsome and martial looking in appearance, in both military and social matters he was a martinet. Never had he been known to pass over the smallest fault without a severe remark, and was laughingly called by his intimates the censor of public morals. His late wife had been indeed a helpmate to him; for though she was scarcely soft and gentle enough to be designated as such she was nevertheless a very dragon of virtue. After her death, now some two years ago, Colonel Avignon had gone more into general society than he had done in his lifetime, in order probably to distract his mind, and people were beginning to whisper that he was inclined to treat the naughty but nice with more leniency than he had done when his actions were peered into by the sharp eyes of the late Mrs. Avignon.

It was very certain that Colonel Avignon passed a good deal of time at the bistro house of the beautiful Mrs. Lester, who lived in Hans Place. Minnie Lester had, two or three years ago, been one of society's darlings; but she had fallen from her high estate when, no longer able to tolerate her first husband, Sir John Wallace, who was a boor, she had fled with Charlie Lester, been divorced and married again. Charlie Lester was since dead, and the pretty Minnie at twenty-six found herself a well-to-do widow, with a dainty house in London, to which, though the men flocked with *empressement*, the ladies of her old set, alas! declined to come. In fact, the late Mrs. Avignon drove out of her way rather than pass it. But then the Avignons were very old friends of Sir John Wallace's family, and how could they be expected to know that horrid woman?

Yet since Mrs. Avignon's death the Colonel had called on Mrs. Lester very frequently. He said he was a Wallace trustee, and that there were money affairs still unsettled; but of course this excuse was absurd—all money relations between Minnie Lester and the Wallaces had been arranged long ago. It was the widow's irresistible charm that lured Colonel Avignon again and yet again to the house in Hans Place. Never before had he been under the dominion of any one half so beautiful, and the way in which she seemed to have taken entire possession of his thoughts almost frightened him at times, and made him resolve to deny himself for a while the pleasure of her society; but the sacrifice was too great, even for his strong will, and the morrow was sure to find him once more a worshipper at beauty's shrine. And there is no doubt that Minnie Lester was very beautiful—a brunette, with laughing eyes and curling hair of the mellowest brown, there was no need of cosmetic or dye to enhance her personal attractions.

Al, if that well known story about her past could only be blotted out of the annals of London scandal what a happy man might Colonel Avignon become. But marry this woman, with that delinquency of hers staring him in the face, and the sound of his friends' voices titillating around him? No, it was quite impossible; he could never do it. And yet he had loved Minnie as he had never loved any woman before. What was to be done? His perplexity was driving him well-nigh mad.

And she? Troops of adorners flitted about and worshipped her; did she prefer this big, stern, middle-aged soldier to them all? Aye, from the very perversity of her womanliness, she did. To win his love had at first been no easy matter; to keep it forever, as long as they both should live, would be, she was beginning to think, still more difficult; but for that very reason she was resolved, if possible, to become Colonel Avignon's wife. Yes, she loved him, she decided. What is more, she felt that she could rely on him, and she had just a sort of notion that the shade of the departed Mrs. Avignon might in some way envelop her and help her back to that place in society which she never ceased to regret.

Colonel Avignon's visits to Mrs. Lester were kept very quiet; still they could not remain altogether unknown, and heavy bets were being taken at the clubs as to how the little game that was being played out in Hans Place would end. Several topics of public interest were engrossing men's minds at the moment; but they all paled before the startling intelligence that broke on fashionable London on a sudden one morning, that Colonel Avignon had started for America on a long tour! That he would marry Mrs. Lester, notwithstanding his moral rigidity, some people had thought possible; that he would come to his senses and deliver a diatribe on laxity of behavior, others had decided; but that Colonel Avignon, the brave soldier, would take to his heels and run away from danger—no, that was a contingency no one had contemplated for a moment. From that time forward, much though she had been hitherto disapproved of, Mrs. Lester became a centre of interest.

"Colonel Avignon had behaved abominably, and the poor woman was very much to be pitied," this was society's verdict. It was an open question, however, whether the main reason of their pity was not that they were disappointed at having no further opportunity of discussing the ins and outs of this affair, especially after the Colonel's departure Mrs. Lester gave out she was ill, and retiring into private life, was no more seen at Sansdown, or in the Park, or at theatres, and other of her usual haunts. It was very evident that the play was over, and the curtain having been drawn down there was nothing left but for the losers to pay their bets, and forget, if possible, the very existence of this ill-assorted couple.

There were, however, persistent folk who said the curtain had only descended on the first act; but of course they knew nothing whatever about the matter—how should they? And even they were silenced when, a few weeks later, Mrs. Lester in bad health—"pining, of course!"—started for a foreign watering place, after which she was to pass the winter on the Riviera, her house in Hans Place being let.

Out of the fashionable mind, then—out of a sleepy concentrated nature at any time—did Mrs. Lester and her affairs pass till the beginning of the winter, when, just as Parliament had met and London was filling, a rumor was circulated about the pretty little brunette was dead.

Whether Colonel Avignon had anything to answer for on this account no one knew; but, of course, every one said he had, and nicely he was upbraided for allowing his stuck-up notions to stand between him and the happiness that would have saved this poor little woman's life. People quite forgot that he, knowing the world better than they did themselves, was fully aware of the recriminations to which he would have been subject had he attempted to bring Mrs. Lester among them as his wife, and it was entirely because he could not bear to be cast down from the high pedestal on which he had always stood, gazing at his inferiors, that he had taken sudden flight across the Atlantic.

"Of course he will come back now she is dead," his acquaintances remarked. And to an extent they were right. Colonel Avignon did come back, but not till quite two years had elapsed, and when he returned, to the consternation and astonishment of interested gossip—he was married!

"Fickle, dreadful man! And what may this new wife of his be like?" asked Lady Vassall of Towers of her dear friend, Lady Selina Harpstep.

"An American, as fair as day!" was Lady Selina's answer; "she looks delicious. I saw her at the opera the other night. I made the Colonel introduce her, and I mean to call."

"Dear me! Well, I am glad he has married the right sort of woman, after all. His first wife was a terrible bore, and we could not have noticed that Lester person—past peccadilloes far too well known. You can tell this American that I should like to call. I delight in Americans, they are so racy."

And these two ladies being strictly of the right set, with good houses and important salons, the American Mrs. Avignon was *en vogue* in fashionable life if she was taken up by them.

Nor was there any difficulty about the matter. Lady Vassall of Towers was so infatuated with her the first moment she saw her that she decided to give a party at once in order to introduce her. Lady Vassall had a mania for astonishing her intimates with new beauties, new life-takers, artists, and so forth. Those who saw the young American for the first time at Lady Vassall's were by no means disposed to cavil over the trumpeting of her charms that had preceded her appearance. She was dressed in the softest gray, a riviere of large diamonds round her throat setting off her creamy skin, on which fair curls hung in a profusion that made many a beholder envious.

Yes, Mrs. Avignon was, indeed, a beauty, and there was a shy grace about her as she came in with Colonel Avignon, who looked radiant, that added not a little to the effect she produced. Her eyes, for the most part, she kept fixed on the carpet, as though she were too frightened to look up; when occasionally she was induced to do so, the glances told, for they were large, dark, speaking eyes. Decidedly, Mrs. Avignon's debut had been a success, and many was the congratulatory handshake Colonel Avignon received. "He had gone to America for something," his men friends said. Aye, had he?

Of course, Mrs. Avignon must be presented at the next drawing-room. Lady Vassall of Towers would only be too delighted if she might have that honor. Colonel and Mrs. Avignon both demurred for a brief space, but Lady Vassall would take no nay; so that the court dress was ordered, and when the important day arrived no prettier woman than the fair American curtsied to her Royal Highness the Princess.

People raved about her, men gazed at her, till Colonel Avignon became so excited it was evident that he was down to right jealous, and he was heard to whisper to her, while they were waiting for the carriage, that "he should not be able to stand this sort of thing much longer, but should carry her off to a little place he had in the country, where they could hide their light under a bushel."

Hide her light, indeed! It did not look very like it as she turned on him those wondrous eyes of hers, and answered, "It is such fun, dear, and I do love it so; you surely would not wish to deprive me of my pleasure?"

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders and muttered something about "he wondered how long it would last," and then they went out to the carriage, followed by many a remark—Jack Stiles, Colonel Avignon's greatest pal, being the loudest.

"She is pretty, by Jove; but Avignon was an ass to marry her—at his age, too. She looks shy enough now; but those eyes! If she does not play the deuce—well, I'll hold my tongue in the future."

And the weeks passed on. There was not a fashionable gathering of any moment at which the beautiful Mrs. Avignon did not appear, always by her side the grim, stern Colonel, looking each day grimmer and sterner, as though the life she was compelling him to lead was becoming more and more distasteful to him. But the season was bustling to its close, and after that one season no more London for him, Colonel Avignon said. He had promised his wife to put up with all this nonsensical gadding for three months—and then country life and peace.

Meantime Mrs. Avignon seemed in the seventh heaven. Every day she was making new and pleasant acquaintances, and her shyness having disappeared she chatted and laughed with them as though she were thoroughly enjoying life, though very slight American accent, that became apparent at times, just giving a color to her conversation and thereby enhancing its charm. She had several intimate female friends, of whom, notwithstanding their aristocratic standing, Colonel Avignon perpetually told her to beware; but she would laugh, and giving him a kiss, ask him "if he did not think she was quite capable of taking care of herself?" The most intimate of these friends was Lady Sel

**The "Michigan Farmer" One Year and a Machine
For Only \$18.00!**

Which are Best?

A reporter of the Colfax county (N. M.) Stockman has been interviewing several local ranchmen with regard to their preferences for breeding bulls, and find that "some prefer the Shorthorn, some the Hereford, some the Polled-Angus, some the Galloway, and others a cross of either of the latter breeds with the Shorthorns." His interview with Mr. J. S. Holland, manager of the Illinois Cattle Company is given below:

Reporter.—Mr. Holland, there has been a great deal of discussion among cattle-raisers and the stock papers in reference to which may be the best breed of improved cattle. What is your opinion in the matter?

Answer.—There are several breeds of cattle being advertised in the stock papers from the breeders of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, and even in Canada, the breeder of each class claiming that his particular hobby is the best. Each of these breeds is good in itself; and as thorough-bred produce nice, round cattle, good beef and tender, rich milkers, etc., all of which I would pronounce good, but some are undoubtedly better than others. These fancy breeders overlook the fact as to which breed is the best to cross with our poorly graded Texas stock—which will combine the nearest cattle, the most hardy and roundest and heaviest beefers, will command the best prices in the market.

Question.—The Polled-Angus seems to be a hardy, round animal, possessing beefy qualities, what do you think of him?

Answer.—Yes; the Polled-Angus without doubt possesses all the sterling qualities that you have given him, and upon crossing with our stock would produce a very hardy animal and a good rustler, but he is too small—does not contain a heavy enough bone to produce a weighty beef, though as to eating quality his meat may be the very best.

Question.—The Galloway is said to be a very fine animal, and the breeders seem to be going wild over him. What is your opinion of him?

Answer.—I have the same objections to him that I have to the Polled-Angus, too small, too small—he wouldn't suit my taste at all.

Question.—Well, how about the Hereford? He seems to be the special pride of some of our stock-owners.

Answer.—There, you are beginning to come to it. The Hereford produces a very pretty cross, but lacking the hardiness and rustling qualities.

Question.—What, then, is the best for crossing purposes, with our common stock, and which will produce all the necessary qualifications?

Answer.—The Shorthorn, sir, the Shorthorn, by all means.

Question.—But, Mr. Holland, can not some of the objections be attributed to him that are to the others? I have heard that he, also, is not a hardy animal.

Answer.—True, all the breeds mentioned, in themselves, without a cross, are rather effeminate in their nature—too tender and incapable to shift for themselves. They are like the child in the cradle, a kind of household pet, and pampered and fed from their infancy up to full growth and of course they know nothing about rustling for themselves, but among all the fancy breeds I prefer the Shorthorns, for various reasons. Experiments have proved that the Shorthorn is the best for crossing purposes, as well for hardiness as for the most weight of animal. The Shorthorn puts a body on his crosses—large-boned, long, round and capable of carrying more beef than any other animal. A stock-grower, who studies his business as he should do, tries to grade his cattle in reference to size as well as quality. For any part I cannot see the use of crossing those small-boned animals when it takes no more grass to produce a 1,200-pounds beef than it does one weighing from 700 to 900 pounds.

Chess and Wheat.

M. S., of Battle Creek, cuts from the FARMER of July 29, an answer to G. E. W. in regard to wheat turning to chess and encloses with the following note:

"I owned the farm, and had two pieces of wheat sown just the same. One of these harvested one-half bushel per acre. Cause: A large flock of sheep were often upon one field when freezing and thawing in the spring. I am an old farmer and have lived here since 1847. We have had no failures in crops since we got good fences."

The above statement in no way affects the question at issue: "Does wheat turn to chess?" Seed of any kind may be sowed, killed out by the season or from want of protection, and a good crop of weeds come up in its place. But would a person be justified in declaring that the seed had produced the weeds?

The Acme Pulverizing Harrow.

Mr. John A. McElroy, a prominent farmer in Lewis County, Mo., has been testing the Acme Pulverizing Harrow, and found it such an efficient implement that he sent the manufacturers, Messrs. Nash & Bro., Millington, N. J., the following letter:

CANTON, Lewis Co., Mo., Aug. 5, '84.

MESSES. NASH & BRO., MILLINGTON, N. J.

GENTLEMEN:—One year ago, in looking around purchasing implements, I concluded the "Acme" Harrow would best suit my purpose, and I have not been disappointed in the result. I put in 16 acres of wheat, and after plowing prepared the ground with the "Acme." The yield was 20 bushels per acre, while the year previous the ground was prepared by ordinary means and yielded only nine bushels per acre. Again, I put in three pecks of seed per acre, and my neighbor used five pecks with no gain in yield. I attribute these results all to the use of the "Acme." This year I shall take more pains, and see if I can't bring it up to 30 bushels per acre. I give you these facts so that you can see in any way. I can say of the "Acme," if there was no more to be had, I would not part with it for any price.

(Signed) JNO. A. McELROY.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week says:

"The English corn harvest began and ended under unusually favorable conditions. Although the yield of the wheat crop is reported as variable the condition of the crop is excellent. Wet and colder weather somewhat improved the tone of the market to day. The sales of English wheat the past week were 57,324 quarters, 35s. 10d. against 36,017 quarters at 43s. 3d. the corresponding week last year. The market for foreign wheats is improved. The demand is at the lowest possible ebb and values are nominal. In off coast trade during the week seventeen cargoes arrived. Seven were sold, seven were withdrawn and six remained. The trade forward is inanimate."

Well Pleased.

OAKWOOD, Oakland Co., Sept. 1st, 1884.

MESSES. JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS.

SIR:—The machine and scales ordered by me were duly received, and both give good satisfaction. I find the scales very

useful and convenient. My neighbor says that "she will have a set of those scales before the year is out." And it is a genuine comfort to sit down to that machine. It will almost run alone; its simplicity makes it easy for a new beginner. It is also ornamental, and thus far I can truly recommend it to any one wishing to invest.

Mrs. J. G. ADAMS.

The past season the Martin Amber, and the Valley, a red wheat, appear to have been more generally successful than other varieties. In white wheat the Landreth appears to head the list of the new varieties, both for hardiness and productiveness. It is a smooth variety, with stiff straw, and appears to be entirely free from rust. Lovett's New White, which originated in Canada, is highly spoken of there, and in Ontario it is claimed to be hardy, productive, of fine milling quality, and the whitest grain of any known there. It is headed, very compact head, and in shape resembles Diehl, and Arnold's Gold Medal. Benson, Maule & Co., of Philadelphia, have the Martin, Valley and Lovett's New White, while the Landreth can be procured from the firm of seed growers after which it is named. If it is as reliable as the firm, that is all that can be asked for it.

Mr. S. B. HAMMOND, President of the State Sheep Breeders' Association, writes us that if any of the stock men in the State wish to secure quarters during the State Fair, he will, upon receiving a notification from them, make such arrangements as they may desire. In view of the fact that hotel accommodations will be rather scanty, and that those in attendance at the Fair will have to depend upon securing quarters at private houses, Mr. Hammond's offer is timely and generous. His address is Kalamazoo.

Mr. GOTTLIEB LAYER of Unionville, Mich., inquires if we know of any variety of wheat that the weevil will not work. This pest, he says, has been very troublesome in that locality the past season. Do any of our readers know of such a variety? There are some kinds advertised as weevil proof, but we do not know whether they are or not.

J. R. KEENEY of Tipton, this State, is reported by the Wool-Grower to be in Texas at present with 215 Merino bucks, one and two years old. F. W. Dickey of Marshall, is also there with a lot of bucks.

THE Wool-Grower says that the drought in Texas is getting to be a serious matter. Sheep suffer very little, considering, but lambs are not doing as well as green grass could make them.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and Their Diseases," "Sheep and Their Diseases," "Hog and Poultry Diseases," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. In order to correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

Follicular Disease of the Hair in a Horse.

SOUTH LYON, Aug. 30, '84.

DEAR SIR:—I have a horse, a gelding five years old, brown in color, that is shedding the hair of his mane and tail. His tail is clear from scurf or dandruff, and shows no sores. He like to have it rubbed, but never tries to rub it himself. Have washed it three or four times a week with castile soap and water, and applied alum dissolved in alcohol. It can be cleaned out good, and in ten minutes there will be a lot more roots sticking up. What would you advise me to do?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—From your description, we are inclined to believe the trouble with your horse to be some morbid condition of the skin, involving the hair follicles. Treatment: Use the following wash once a day: Sulphate zinc, one drachm; glycerine, two ounces; water, eight ounces. Mix all together and shake well.

Nasal Gleet.

MASON, Aug. 25, '84.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a gray four year old gelding. One year ago last June he had what was called the "pink-eye," was quite sick for about a week, legs swollen and very tender to the touch, but recovered as I supposed; has seemed to do well and feel as well as ever. But since that time he has by spells had a discharge of a white substance, sometimes tinged with yellow, somewhat resembling pus, from the right nostril, never from the left. Please tell me what will cure him, if he can be cured and oblige.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—In the absence of any symptoms other than nasal discharge, we are of the opinion that your horse has nasal gleet in a chronic form, often difficult to cure. Treatment: Give the following: Sulphate of copper, pulv., one ounce; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., two ounces; linseed meal, two ounces, mix and divide into twenty powders, give one night and morning in the feed. If in two weeks no improvement is noticed, write us again, giving a careful description of symptoms.

Triplets.

In the FARMER of Aug. 12th, 1884, G. B. of Bankers, asks: Have you any knowledge of three calves at a birth, all living and doing well? Our answer was in the affirmative. For the farther information of G. B. we quote from a letter addressed to this department, dated Hoytville, Aug. 23, 1884, "Frank Green, of Benton, Eaton Co., Mich., has a cow that gave birth to three calves April 21, 1882. They are now two years old past, all of a color. He calls them Tom, Dick and Harry. Their weights are 992, 980 and 982 lbs. They have been photographed."

Langner thrown off by Hood's Sarapavilla.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Sept. 1, 1884.

Flour.—Receipts for the past week, 1,625 bbls., against 2,745 the previous week, and 2,101 bbls. for corresponding week last year. Shipments, 2,900 bbls. Values are declining, and the market is weak and unsettled. The depression in wheat causes holders to accept lower prices to get off their stocks. It is very probable lower prices will yet prevail. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice.....\$4 00 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, roller process.....4 50 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, patents.....5 50 @ 50
Minnesota, patents.....6 50 @ 50
Rye.....6 75 @ 75

Wheat.—The market opens very quiet this week, with cash wheat in fair demand, while futures are neglected. Values were slightly higher. The sales of spot yesterday were 120 cars, of futures only 35,000 bu. In cash wheat quotations were as follows: No. 1 white, 82c; No. 2 do, 76c; No. 3 do, 74c; No. 4 do, 72c; No. 5 do, 70c; No. 6 do, 68c; No. 7 do, 66c; No. 8 do, 64c; No. 9 do, 62c; No. 10 do, 60c; No. 11 do, 58c; No. 12 do, 56c; No. 13 do, 54c; No. 14 do, 52c; No. 15 do, 50c; No. 16 do, 48c; No. 17 do, 46c; No. 18 do, 44c; No. 19 do, 42c; No. 20 do, 40c; No. 21 do, 38c; No. 22 do, 36c; No. 23 do, 34c; No. 24 do, 32c; No. 25 do, 30c; No. 26 do, 28c; No. 27 do, 26c; No. 28 do, 24c; No. 29 do, 22c; No. 30 do, 20c; No. 31 do, 18c; No. 32 do, 16c; No. 33 do, 14c; No. 34 do, 12c; No. 35 do, 10c; No. 36 do, 8c; No. 37 do, 6c; No. 38 do, 4c; No. 39 do, 2c; No. 40 do, 0c; No. 41 do, 0c; No. 42 do, 0c; No. 43 do, 0c; No. 44 do, 0c; No. 45 do, 0c; No. 46 do, 0c; No. 47 do, 0c; No. 48 do, 0c; No. 49 do, 0c; No. 50 do, 0c; No. 51 do, 0c; No. 52 do, 0c; No. 53 do, 0c; No. 54 do, 0c; No. 55 do, 0c; No. 56 do, 0c; No. 57 do, 0c; No. 58 do, 0c; No. 59 do, 0c; No. 60 do, 0c; No. 61 do, 0c; No. 62 do, 0c; No. 63 do, 0c; No. 64 do, 0c; No. 65 do, 0c; No. 66 do, 0c; No. 67 do, 0c; No. 68 do, 0c; No. 69 do, 0c; No. 70 do, 0c; No. 71 do, 0c; No. 72 do, 0c; No. 73 do, 0c; No. 74 do, 0c; No. 75 do, 0c; No. 76 do, 0c; No. 77 do, 0c; No. 78 do, 0c; No. 79 do, 0c; No. 80 do, 0c; No. 81 do, 0c; No. 82 do, 0c; No. 83 do, 0c; No. 84 do, 0c; No. 85 do, 0c; No. 86 do, 0c; No. 87 do, 0c; No. 88 do, 0c; No. 89 do, 0c; No. 90 do, 0c; No. 91 do, 0c; No. 92 do, 0c; No. 93 do, 0c; No. 94 do, 0c; No. 95 do, 0c; No. 96 do, 0c; No. 97 do, 0c; No. 98 do, 0c; No. 99 do, 0c; No. 100 do, 0c; No. 101 do, 0c; No. 102 do, 0c; No. 103 do, 0c; No. 104 do, 0c; No. 105 do, 0c; No. 106 do, 0c; No. 107 do, 0c; No. 108 do, 0c; No. 109 do, 0c; No. 110 do, 0c; No. 111 do, 0c; No. 112 do, 0c; No. 113 do, 0c; No. 114 do, 0c; No. 115 do, 0c; No. 116 do, 0c; No. 117 do, 0c; No. 118 do, 0c; No. 119 do, 0c; No. 120 do, 0c; No. 121 do, 0c; No. 122 do, 0c; No. 123 do, 0c; No. 124 do, 0c; No. 125 do, 0c; No. 126 do, 0c; No. 127 do, 0c; 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No. 632 do,